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JAN.

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No. 2



FEATURING
AIR PATROL

"SKY RAIDERS OF
THE WESTERN FRONT!"

THE WESTPONTER
SCOTT RAND

IN THE WORLDS OF TOMORROW

IN THIS
ISSUE

THE WIZARD

THE MAN WITH
THE SUPER-BRAIN



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BY WILL HARR
& ED ASHE, JR.

The WIZARD

THE MAN WITH THE SUPER BRAIN

THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT
RECEIVES WORD OF STRANGE DOINGS
IN ALASKAN WATERS AND THE
WIZARD IS OFF ON ANOTHER
DANGEROUS MISSION.



SOME MOVE AGAINST U.S.
GOVERNMENT BEING PLOTTED
IN ALASKAN WATERS.
INVESTIGATE AT ONCE!

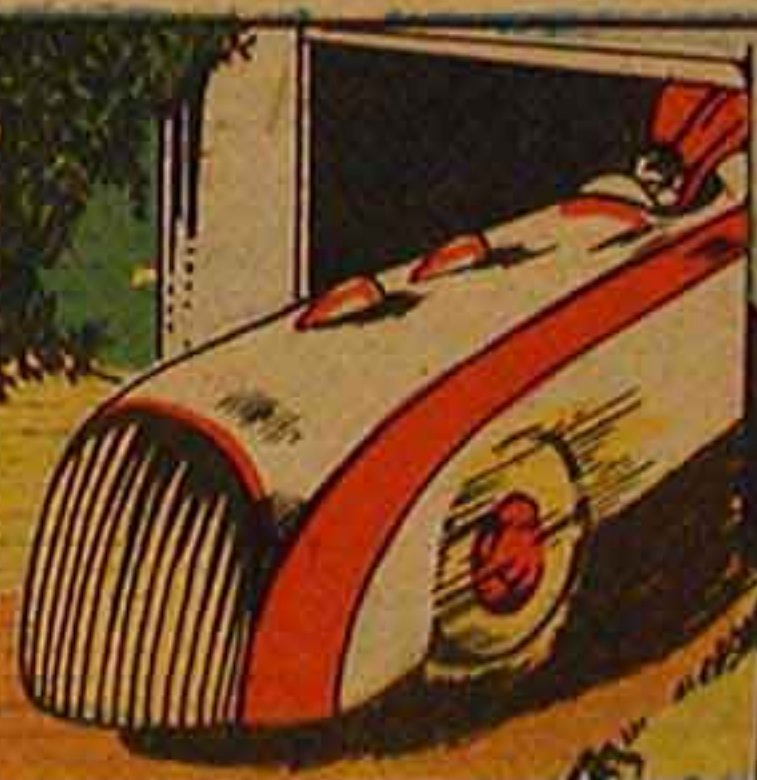


OKAY, GROVER,
I'LL LEAVE AT ONCE!



THE WIZARD RECEIVES A TERSE MESSAGE FROM HIS BROTHER,
GROVER WHITNEY, CHIEF OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

WASTING NO
TIME, THE
WIZARD TUNES
UP HIS SUPER-
CHARGED
SPEEDSTER
AND...



... WHIZZES DOWN HIS PRIVATE
SPEEDWAY TO HIS AIRPORT.



NO TIME
TO WASTE!



AT HIS PRIVATE
AIRPORT.

THIS STRATO-AMPHIBIAN IS
THE PLANE FOR THIS JOB!



THE WIZARD SELECTS A SPEEDY
PLANE FOR HIS MISSION.



AH—THE SYBERNIANS!—AND ON AN UNCHARTED ISLAND NORTH OF ALASKA!

THE WIZARD APPLIES HIS SUPER-BRAIN TO CONJURE UP A VISION OF THE PLOTTERS



IN A FEW HOURS THE WIZARD REACHES ALASKA.



THERE'S THE UNCHARTED ISLAND!



THE WIZARD CONTACTS HIS BROTHER.

THE SYBERNIANS ARE MASSING ON AN UNCHARTED ISLAND NORTH OF ALASKA. GROVER THEY PLAN TO INVAD ALASKA. SEND AN AIR FLEET AT ONCE!



IMPOSSIBLE FOR AIR FLEET TO ARRIVE BEFORE TOMORROW. YOU MUST CHECK THE SYBERNIANS TILL THE FLEET ARRIVES!

I'LL DO MY BEST, GROVER!



USING HIS ROCKET-PROPELLED SLED, THE WIZARD HEADS TOWARD THE INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND.



AH!—SYBERNIAN SNOW-TANKS!



AFTER SNEAKING UP TO THE LINE OF SNOW TANKS, THE WIZARD LEAPS TO A TREE TOP.



THIS VIBRA-RAY GUN WILL CUT OFF THE IGNITION!

AS THE LAST TANK PASSES.



THAT'S FUNNY THE MOTOR WENT DEAD ALL AT ONCE!

THE WIZARD'S SHOT TAKES EFFECT.



SUDDENLY, THE WIZARD LEAPS DOWN UPON THE SYBERNIANS.



..HOPE I'M NOT TOO ROUGH, BOYS!

LIKE A WHIRLWIND, THE WIZARD OVERPOWERS THE SYBERNIANS, AND SENDS THEM REELING.



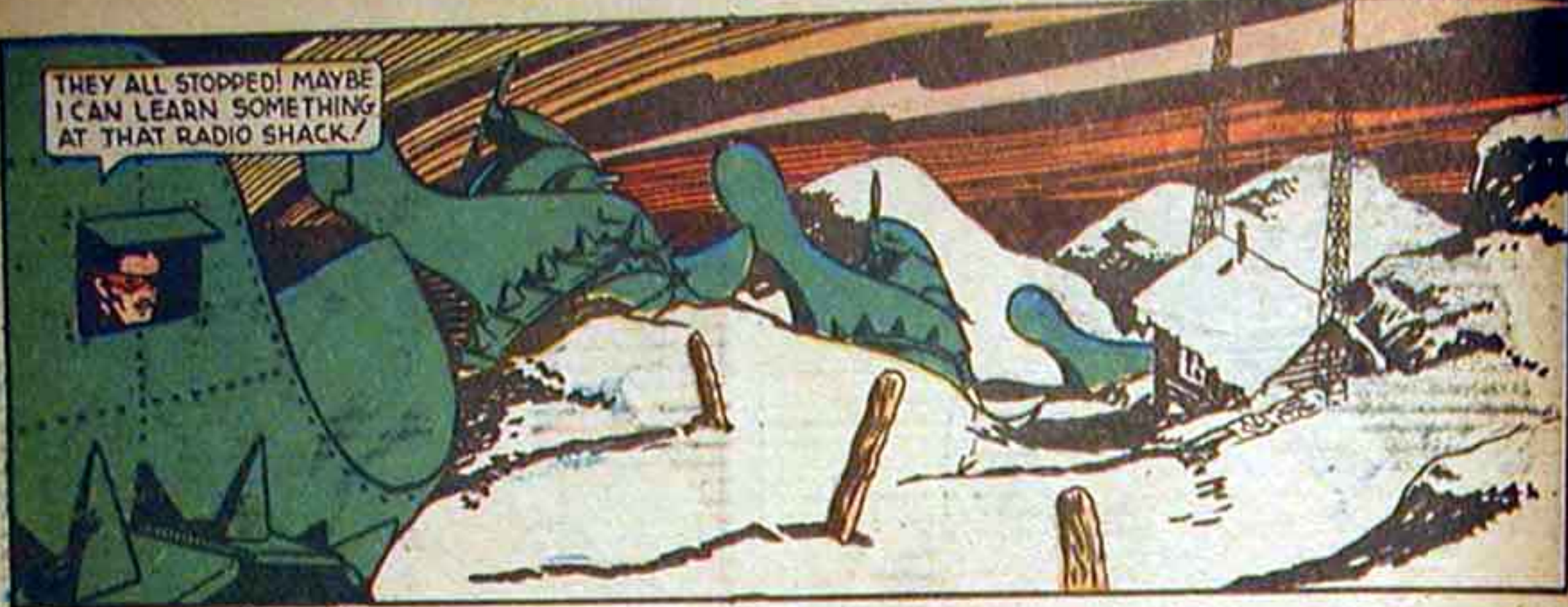
THE WIZARD LEAPS INTO THE ENEMY TANK, AND HE COUNTERACTS THE EFFECTS OF THE VIBRA-RAY GUN, WITH HIS REVERSO-RAY NEUTRALIZER.



I'LL FOLLOW THEM AND SEE WHERE THEY'RE HEADING!

THE IGNITION IS WORKING ORDER AGAIN, THE WIZARD FOLLOWS THE LINE OF TANKS

THEY ALL STOPPED! MAYBE I CAN LEARN SOMETHING AT THAT RADIO SHACK!



HA! THE SYBERNIAN COMMANDERS!



UNSEEN, THE WIZARD PEERS THROUGH THE WINDOW.

AS SOON AS THE LAST TANK IS LOADED ABOARD SHIP, BATTESHIPS PROCEED TO ALASKA AND START SHELLING!



THE PLANS ARE OVERHEARD BY THE WIZARD...

DONNING HIS VACU-SUCTION GLOVES, THE WIZARD EASILY ASCENDS THE RADIO TOWER.

THAT MESSAGE WILL NEVER GO OVER THIS ANTENNA!



THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT!



A SPY! SHOOT THE SWINE!

THE WIZARD IS DISCOVERED!



THE WIZARD ZOOMS DOWN TOWARD HIS FOES, HIS HIGH VELOCITY PROPULSION PISTOL GOING FULL BLAST.





WITH A POWERFUL RIGHT HE BOWLS OVER THE SYBERNIAN GENERAL.



I'LL GIVE YOU FELLOWS ALL THE RIGHT YOU WANT!



HAVING OVERCOME THE SYBERNIAN SOLDIERS, THE WIZARD LEAPS FROM TANK TO TANK IN AN EFFORT TO REACH THE FRONT OF THE PROCESSION.



YOU WON'T STOP ME!

REACHING THE FIRST TANK, THE WIZARD IS GREETED BY A HAIL OF SYBERNIAN LEAD.

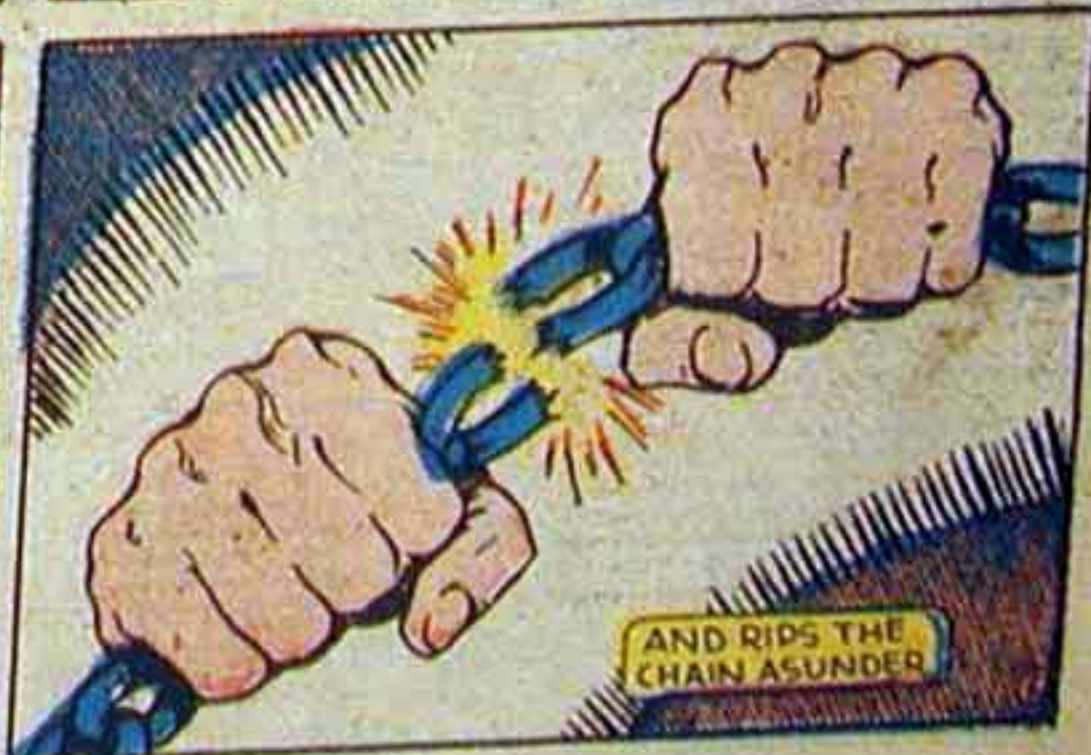


ELUDING THE PURSUERS, THE WIZARD REACHES THE BATTLESHIP, WHERE THE SNOW TANKS ARE BEING LOADED.

SO-HERE'S WHERE THE MONKEYSHINES BEGIN!

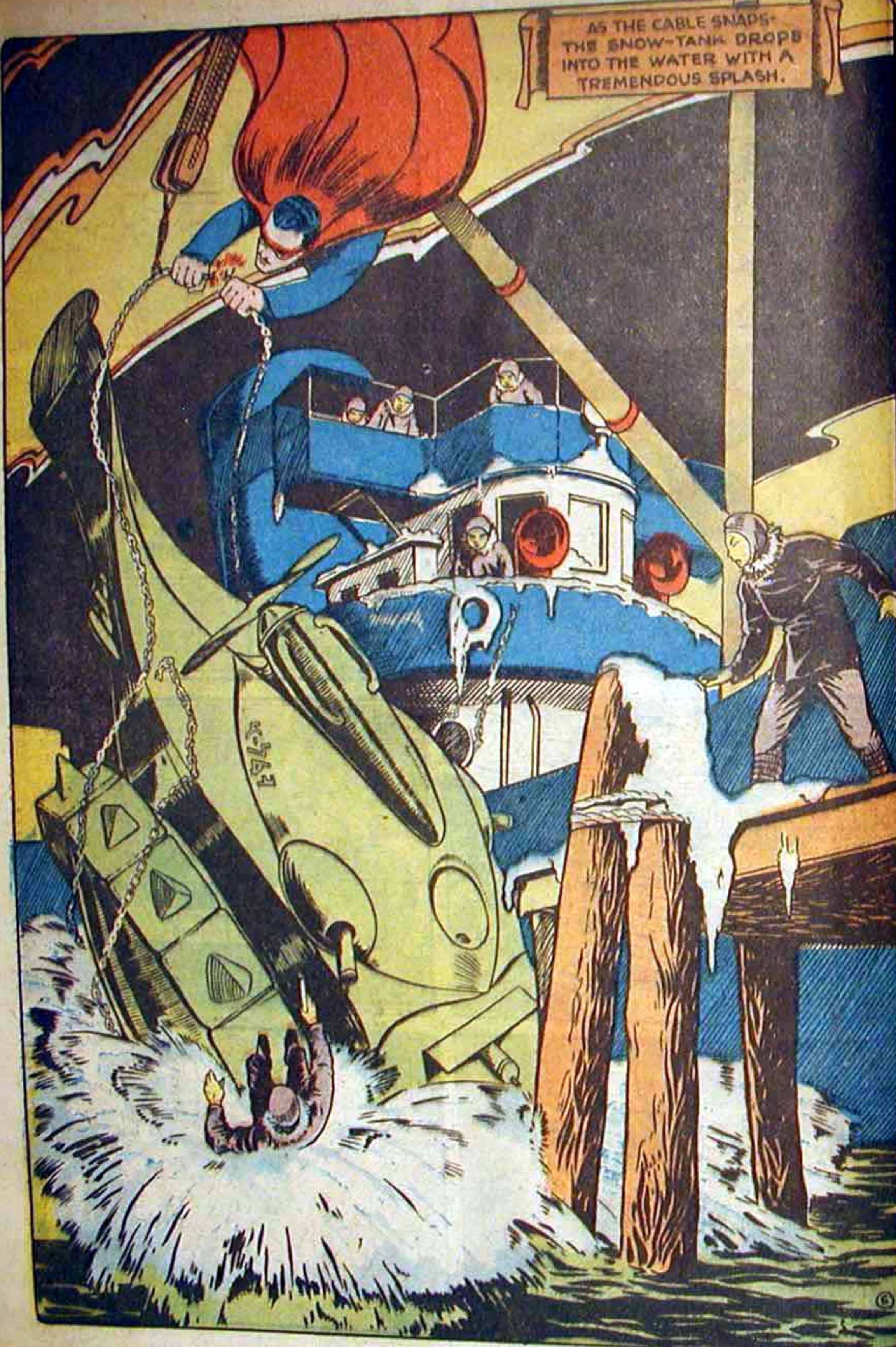


DETERMINED AT ALL COSTS TO CHECK THE MOVEMENTS OF THE SYBERNIANS IN ANY WAY POSSIBLE UNTIL THE U.S. FLEET ARRIVES, THE WIZARD LEADS TO THE HOISTING CABLES.



AND RIPS THE CHAIN ASUNDER

AS THE CABLE SNAPS—
THE SNOW-TANK DROPS
INTO THE WATER WITH A
TREMENDOUS SPLASH.



THE WIZARD LEAPS
DOWN TO THE
DECK IN A FLASH,
AND -



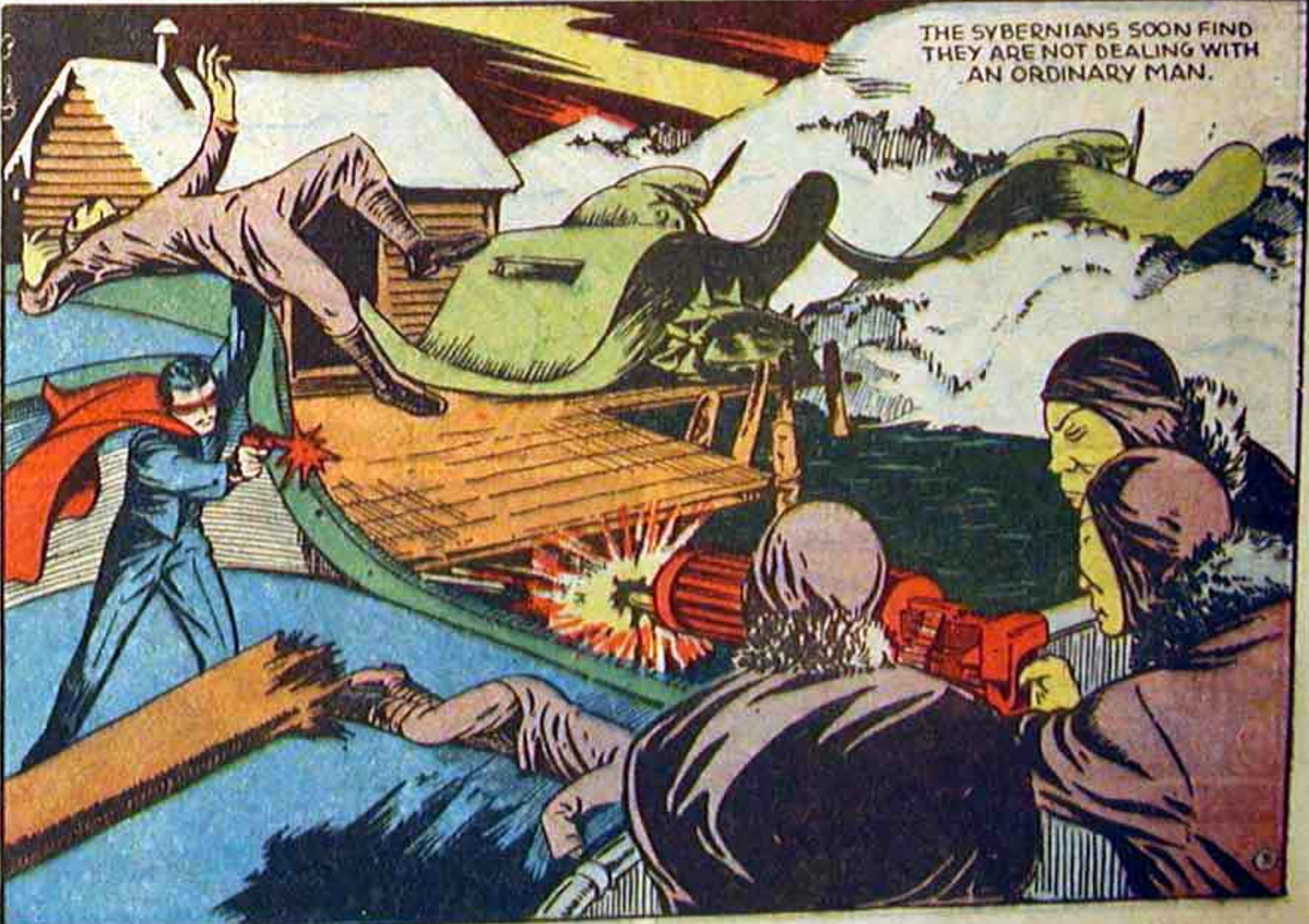
-UPROOTS THE HOISTING
MAST TO PREVENT
FURTHER LOADING.



AS THE SYBERNIANS CHARGE,
THE WIZARD HURLS THE MAST
INTO THEIR MIDST.



THE SYBERNIANS SOON FIND
THEY ARE NOT DEALING WITH
AN ORDINARY MAN.





REPULSING THE ATTACK, THE WIZARD LEAPS INTO A MOTOR BOAT, MOORED ALONGSIDE.



I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT TROOD SHIP!

CALLING INTO PLAY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC POWERS OF HIS BRAIN, THE WIZARD VISUALIZES THE EXACT POSITION OF THE SHIP.

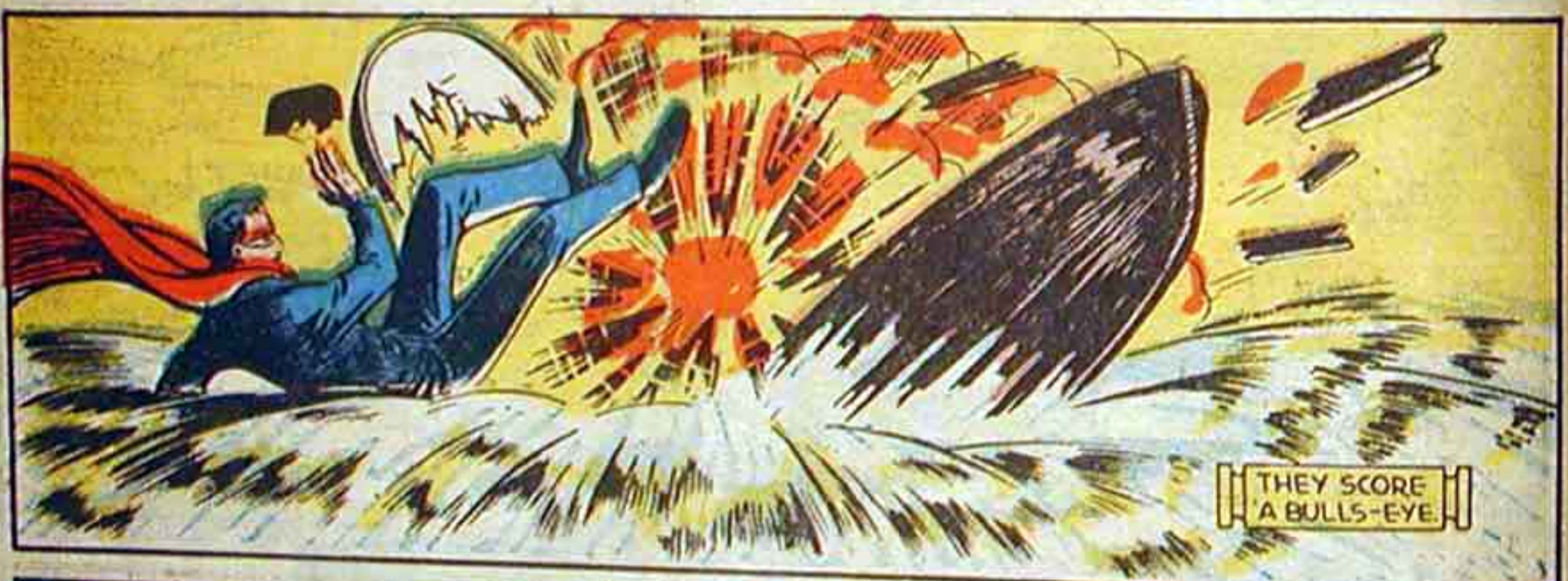


MAN THE GUN! THAT WILDMAN MUST BE DESTROYED!

ABOARD THE TROODSHIP...



AIMED AT THE WIZARD BY THE COMPETENT GUN CREW, THE CANNON BELCHES FLAME.



THEY SCORE A BULLS-EYE.



WELL-THAT'S THE END OF THAT TROUBLE-SOME DEMON!



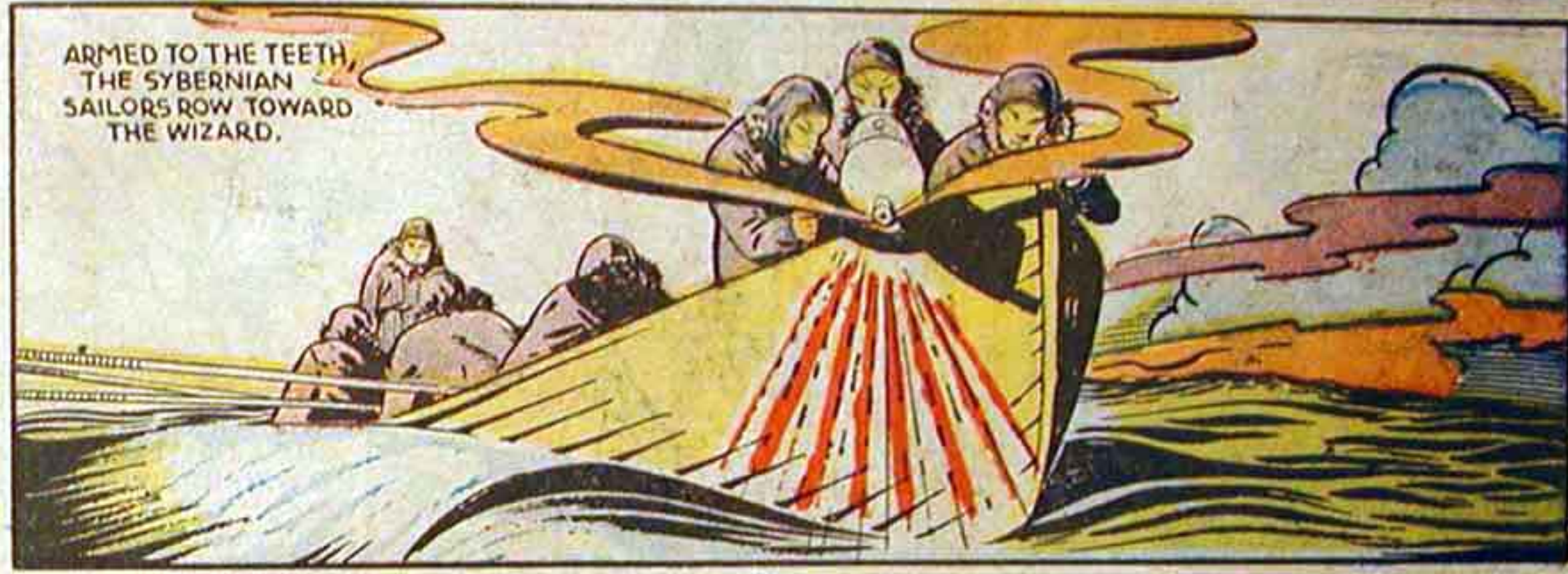
BUT-THE SYBERNIAN CAPTAIN WAS MISTAKEN



MY SECRET CHEMICAL F-22-X WILL MELT A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH THE STEEL HULL OF THIS TROOPSHIP.....



THAT SCOUNDREL IS STILL ALIVE! LOWER A BOAT!



ARMED TO THE TEETH, THE SYBERNIAN SAILORS ROW TOWARD THE WIZARD.



BUT THE WIZARD SWIMS UNDER WATER, AND WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE OVERTURNS THE BOAT.



THE WIZARD DRAGS THE SAILORS UNDER WATER AND THEN...



HE TIES THE SAILORS' LEGS TOGETHER TO PREVENT THEIR FOLLOWING HIM.



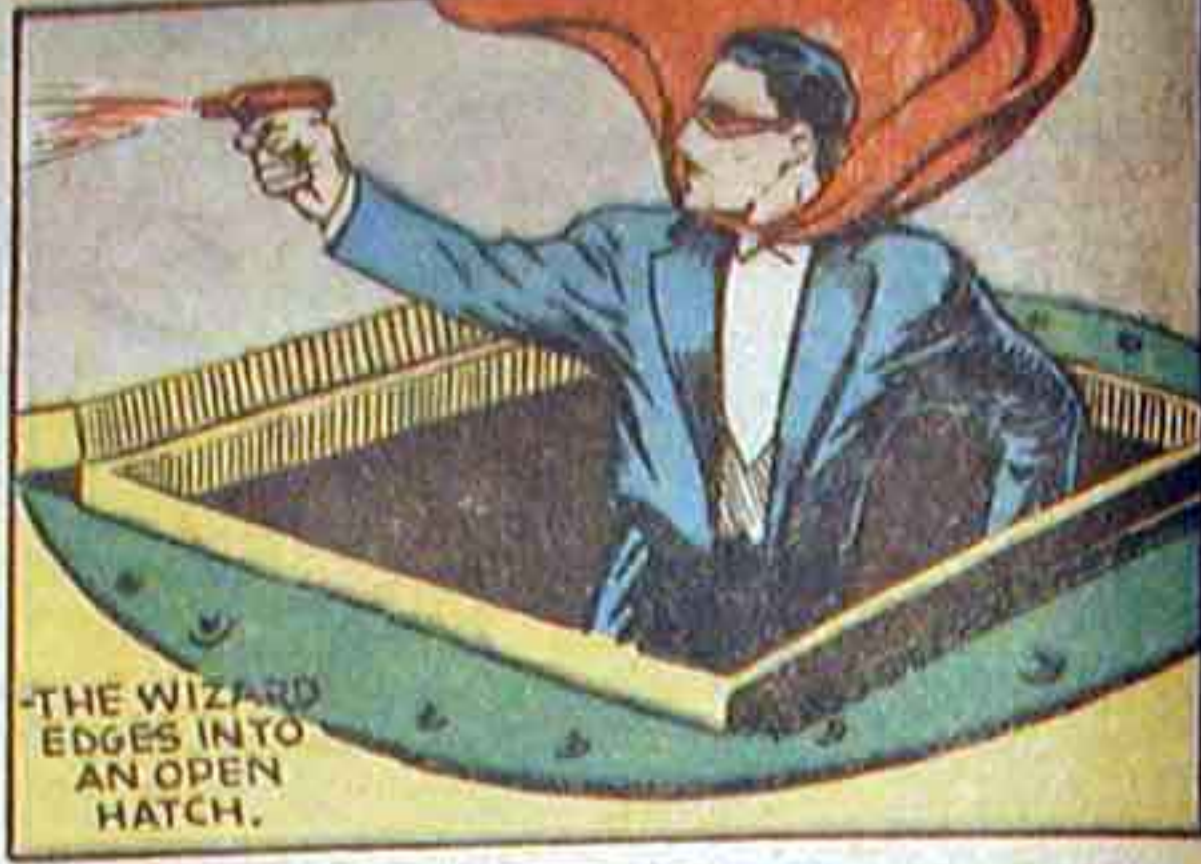
-AND SWIMS TO A NEARBY DESTROYER.

NOW, TO PUT THIS TUB OUT OF COMMISSION!



OUT OF MY WAY!

ABOARD THE DESTROYER...



THE WIZARD EDGES INTO AN OPEN HATCH.



AH! THE ENGINE ROOM!



A DOSE OF L-77 WILL SOLIDIFY THE FUEL!

WITH HIS SECRET CHEMICAL, L-77, THE WIZARD SOLIDIFIES THE FUEL AND PUTS THE MOTOR OUT OF COMMISSION.

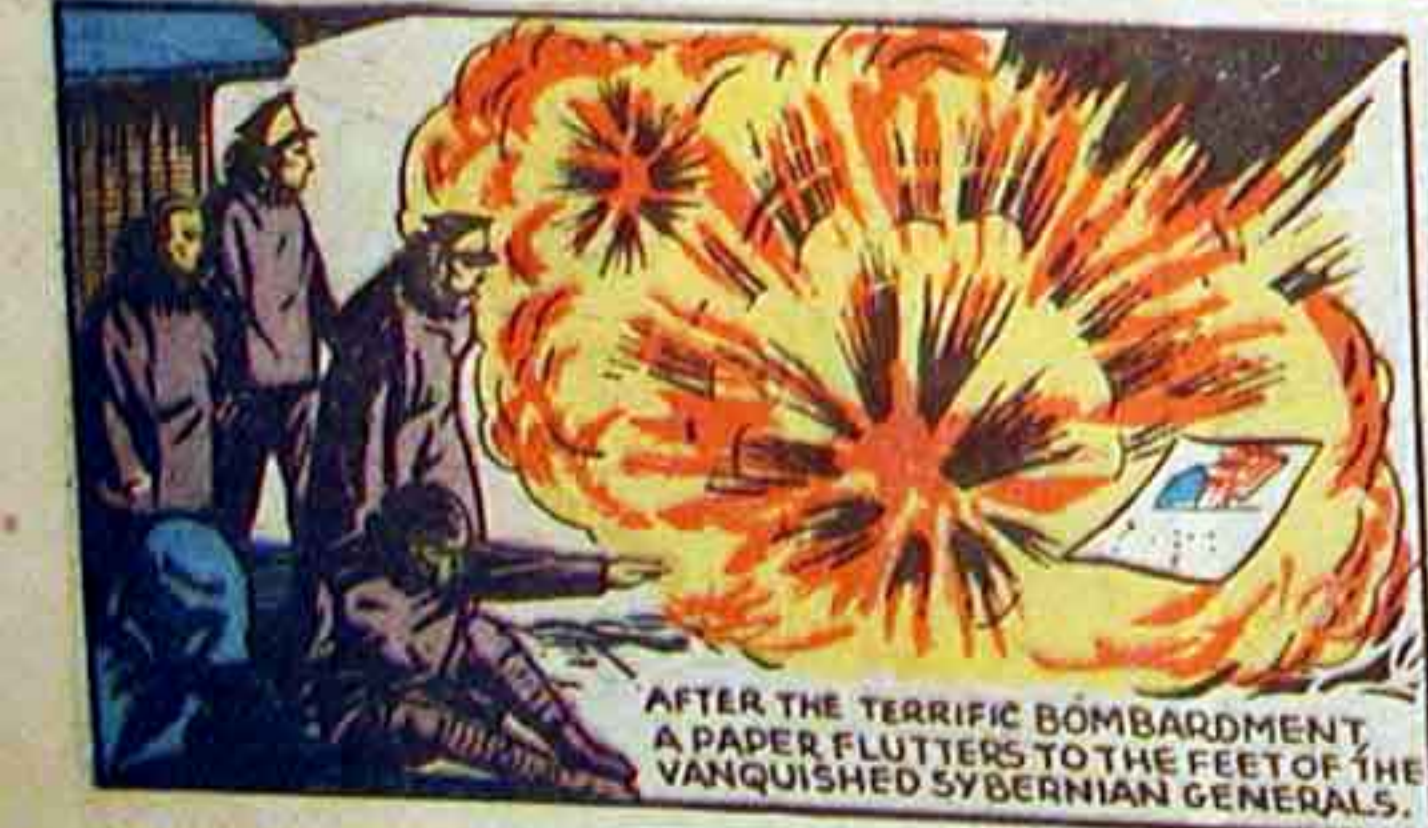


AH! THE U.S FLEET HAS ARRIVED AND IS STARTING THE BOMBARDMENT!

THE SOUND OF HUMMING AIRPLANE MOTORS FILTERS DOWN TO THE ENGINE ROOM. THE WIZARD RECOGNIZES THE SOUND OF AMERICAN MOTORS.



THE POWERFUL U.S. AIR FLEET BOMBS THE SYBERNIANS.



AFTER THE TERRIFIC BOMBARDMENT, A PAPER FLUTTERS TO THE FEET OF THE VANQUISHED SYBERNIAN GENERALS.



THE WIZARD, THE MAN WITH THE SUPER BRAIN, MATCHES WITS WITH THE ENEMY IN ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH COMICS

Scott RAND

IN THE WORLDS OF TIME

RETURNING FROM THE ADVENTUROUS PAST WITH THOR, THE VIKING, AND PRINCESS ELDA, OF ANCIENT EGYPT, SCOTT RAND LANDS THE TIME CAR AT DR. MEADE'S HOME ON LONG ISLAND, IN THE YEAR 1940.



WHY HAVE YOU SO MANY PYRAMIDS IN YOUR TIME, SCOTT?

THAT IS NEW YORK CITY, ELDA, PEOPLE ARE ALIVE THERE—NOT DEAD!

THOR! LOOK OUT!

THE FOLLOWING DAY WHILE SIGHT-SEEING, THOR IS NEARLY STRUCK BY A TAXI....

STAND AND FIGHT... YOU!

COME ON, FOLKS, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! WE'LL GO TO THE FUTURE, IT'LL BE SAFER FOR US!

O.K. DR. MEADE.

I DON'T LIKE IT HERE, EITHER!

THEY PLAN TO LEAVE THE FOLLOWING MORNING FOR THE FUTURE, TO THE YEAR 2,000 A.D. THE SHIP IS PUT IN READINESS AND THEY ALL ANXIOUSLY AWAIT THE THRILL OF NEW ADVENTURES.

NEW YORK IN THE YEAR 2000 A.D.



LOOK!
THE AIR IS FILLED
WITH STRANGE
LOOKING SHIPS...
COULD THEY BE
MARTIANS?



QUICK! BACK TO THE SHIP.
WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET
SOME NEWS ON THE RADIO!



THE MARTIANS, WHO HAVE
ALREADY DESTROYED MOST
OF THE WORLD'S PRINCIPAL
CITIES, ARE NOW ATTACKING
NEW YORK! SOMETHING
MUST BE DONE...

LOOKS BAD,
FOLKS!



LET'S JOIN THE EARTH
FORCES AND GET IN
THE FIGHT!

FINE!

THOR IS
READY.



I'M A PILOT, AND AM
ANXIOUS TO HELP...

WELCOME!

THOR AND SCOTT ARE PRESENTED TO THE LEADER
OF THE ARMY. A JOYFUL RECEPTION IS GIVEN THEM.

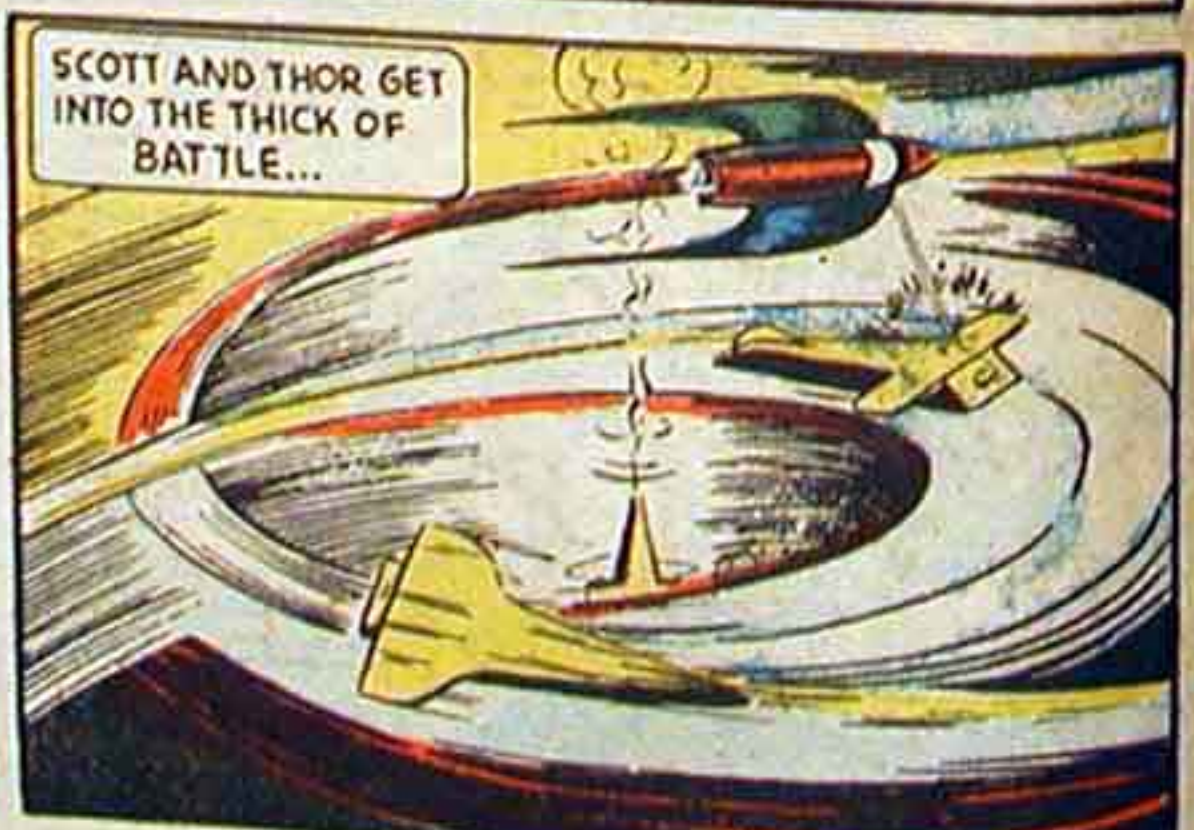


AS SOON AS POSSIBLE SCOTT AND THOR ARE EQUIPPED
WITH A MODERN FIGHTING MACHINE AND JOIN THE FIGHT.



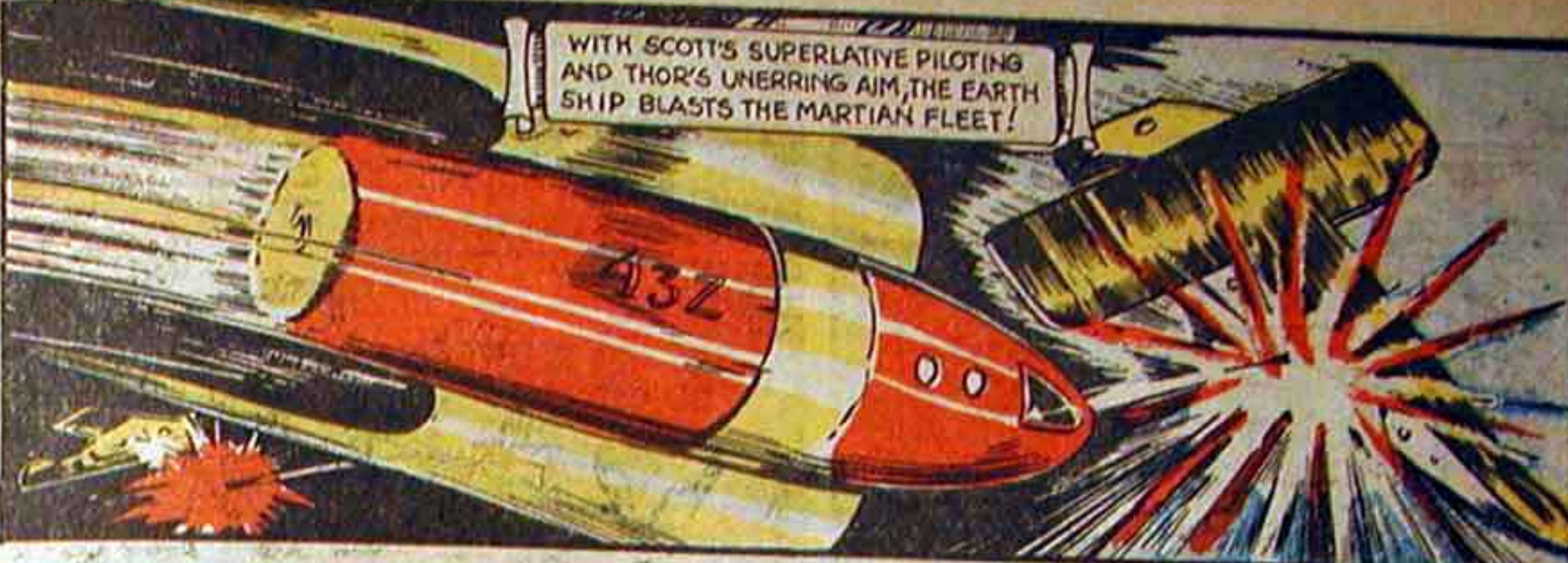
I'M A SCIENTIST, AND I
BELIEVE I CAN BE OF
USE TO YOU-LET ME
OFFER...

IN THE NAME OF OUR
PEOPLE, I ACCEPT.



SCOTT AND THOR GET
INTO THE THICK OF
BATTLE...

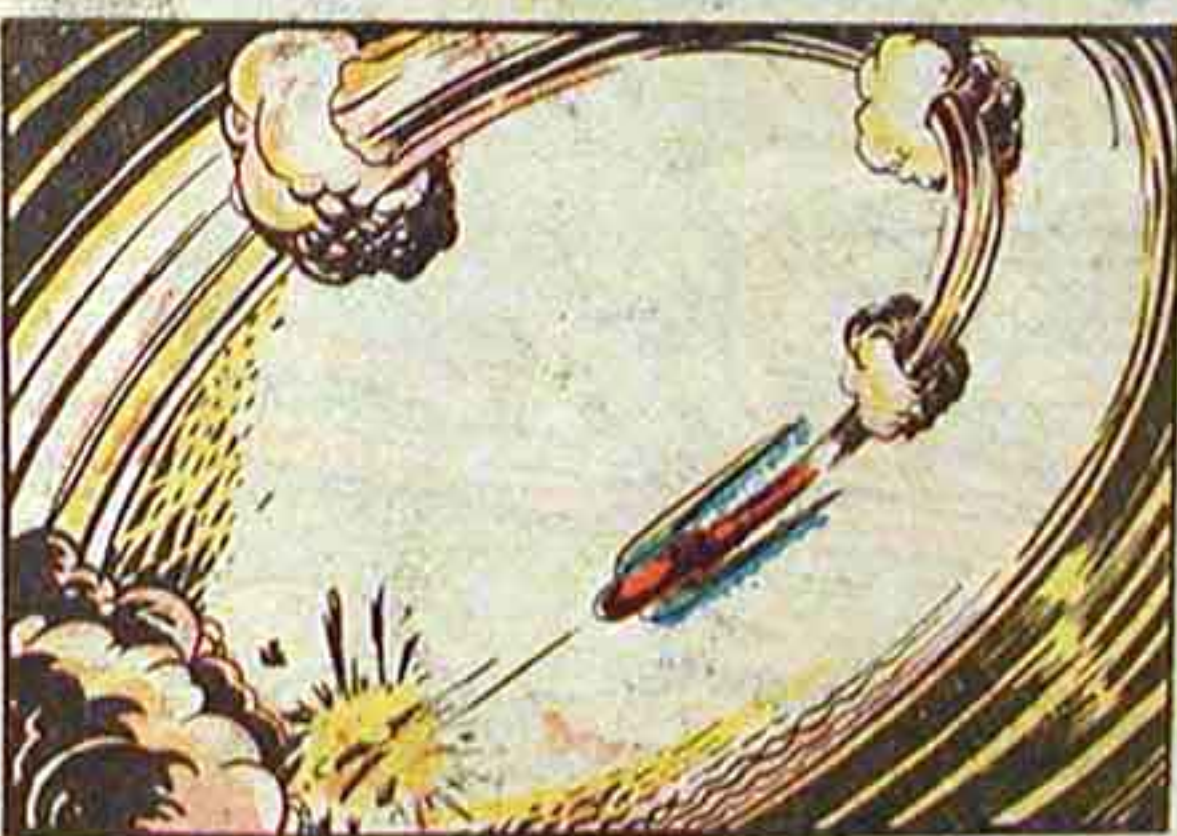
WITH SCOTT'S SUPERLATIVE PILOTING
AND THOR'S UNERRING AIM, THE EARTH
SHIP BLASTS THE MARTIAN FLEET!



SCOTT AND THOR
CAUSE SO MUCH
HAVOC AMONG THE
MARTIANS THAT ALL
THE FIRE IS DIRECTED
AGAINST THEM.



ALL SQUADRONS,
CONCENTRATE
FIRE ON EARTH
SHIP 43Z...!



THE LAST OF THE
MARTIAN SHIPS IS
BROUGHT DOWN...
BUT THE TWO
FIND THEY ARE STILL
SUBJECT TO TERRIFIC
BOMBARDMENT!
FINALLY THEY DIS-
COVER A LAND-GUN

...LANDING THEIR SHIP, SCOTT AND THOR ATTACK
THE MARTIAN GUN-CREW, AND ENGAGE THEM
IN A FIRCE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT...!



WITH BOTH RAY-GUNS BLASTING INTO THE MASS OF CHARGING MARTIANS, SCOTT RAND TURNS THE TIDE OF BATTLE. THOR, HIS WORTHY ALLY, DROPS HIS PISTOL AND SLASHES OUT WITH HIS TRUSTY AXE.



...TAKE THAT, YE ACCURSED DEVIL!



WITH MIGHTY ARMS THOR FLINGS THE ENEMY ABOUT AS THOUGH THEY WERE TOYS!



...HERE'S A STYLE OF FIGHTING YOU BEASTS NEVER THOUGHT OF! ... TAKE THAT!



THE FIERCE ENCOUNTER WAS SHORT, BUT THE BATTLE WAS WON.

WITH A FEELING OF PRIDE, THE DOUGHTY WARRIORS VIEW THE SMOLDERING RUNS OF THE MARTIAN THREAT.



THEIR MISSION COMPLETED, THEY RETURN TO THE SHIP.

WHEN THEY APPEAR OVER THE CITY, THERE IS LOUD CHEERING AS THE PEOPLE HAIL THEM.



TO THE VICTORS!



AT A HUGE BANQUET, THEY ARE HONORED FOR THEIR VALLIANT AID IN TIME OF DIRE NEED!

ANOTHER EXCITING SCOTT RAND ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH COMICS!

SWIFT OF THE SECRET SERVICE



REX SWIFT, ACE OF THE SECRET SERVICE, GOES INTO ACTION AGAINST A MURDEROUS GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS.

WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, REX?



REX SWIFT IS CALLED IN BY THE LOCAL POLICE TO EXAMINE COUNTERFEIT MONEY THEY PICKED UP

I AGREE WITH YOU, CHIEF - IT'S AS FINE A COUNTERFEITING JOB AS I'VE EVER SEEN!



SWIFT'S LONG EXPERIENCE IN MANY SIMILAR CASES ENABLES HIS KEEN EYES TO DETECT THE FALSE MARKINGS ON THE BILLS IMMEDIATELY.

A STIFF WAS BROUGHT IN A FEW MOMENTS AGO WITH PHONY BILLS ON HIM.

WE'LL GO TO THE MORGUE AND HAVE A LOOK!



SWIFT BEGINS HIS INVESTIGATION...

QUITE A SUM OF MONEY HERE, REX - AND PAPERS, TOO.



AT THE MORGUE...

YES, THEY'RE ALL PHONY.

-AND EVERY ONE IS ALMOST PERFECT!



THEY EXAMINE THE BILLS TAKEN FROM THE DEAD MAN'S BODY.

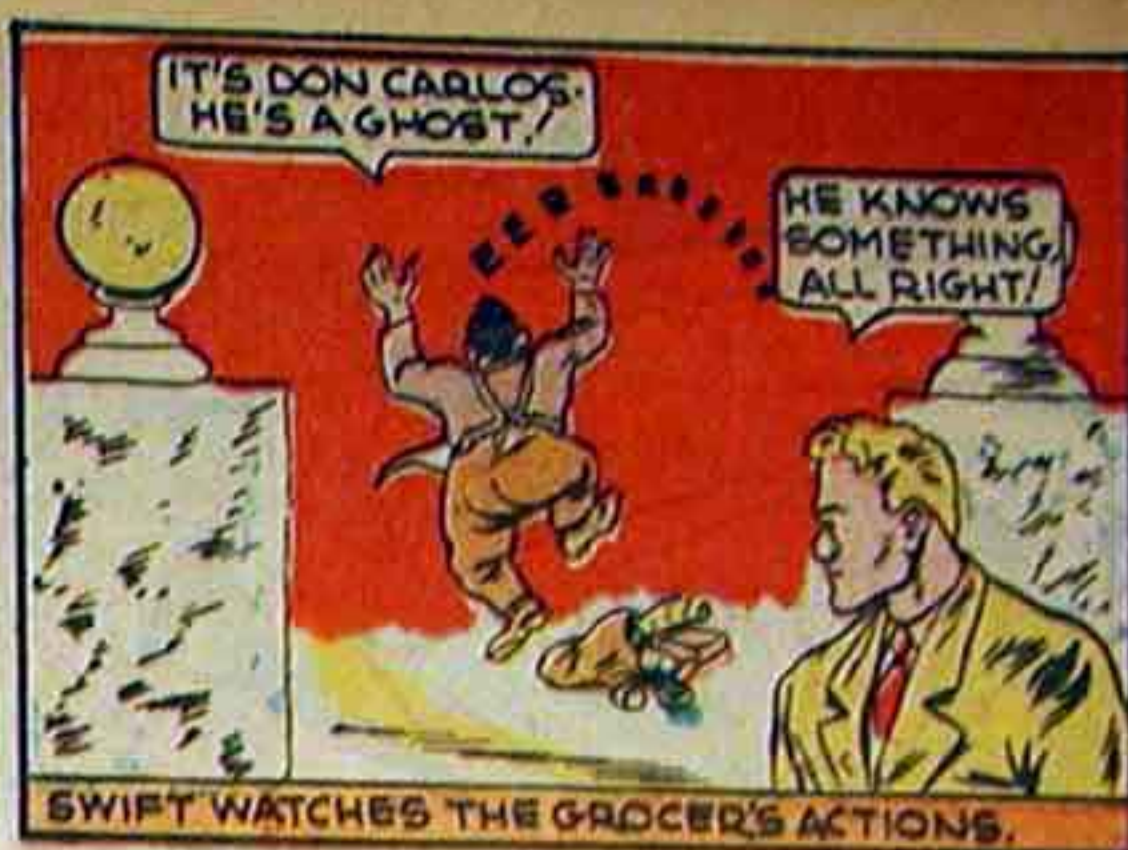
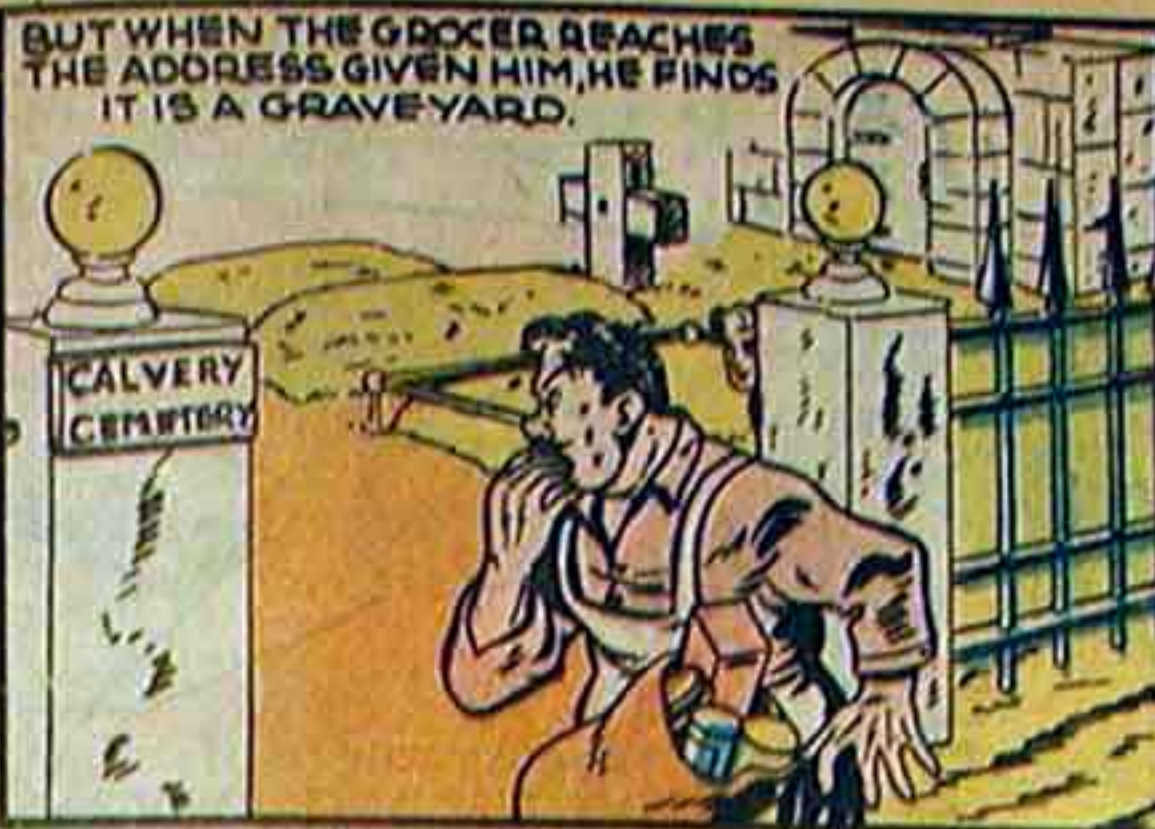
HERE ARE THE PRINTS, CHIEF.

GOOD! WE'LL GO BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AND CHECK THEM!



AT SWIFT'S SUGGESTION, THE DEAD MAN'S FINGERPRINTS ARE TAKEN.





SWIFT WATCHES THE GROCER'S ACTIONS.



RETURNING TO THE STORE, SWIFT REVEALS HIS IDENTITY AND COLLARS THE GROCER.



DISGUISED AS A DELIVERY BOY, SWIFT GOES TO THE GANGSTERS' DEN. AS HE ENTERS, HE OVERHEARS THE MOBSTERS' CONVERSATION.



KNOWING THEIR PLANS, SWIFT DASHES TO HIS CAR AND HEADS FOR THE AIRPORT.



ARRIVING AT THE AIRPORT, SWIFT ATTEMPTS A RUSE.



INSIDE THE HANGAR, SWIFT SWINGS A TERRIFIC RIGHT AND KNOCKS HIM COLD.



SWIFT CHANGES OUTFITS WITH THE PILOT, AS HE WARMS UP THE PLANE, THE THUGS ARRIVE.

HERE COME THE THUGS!



OKAY, TONY-LET'ER GO!

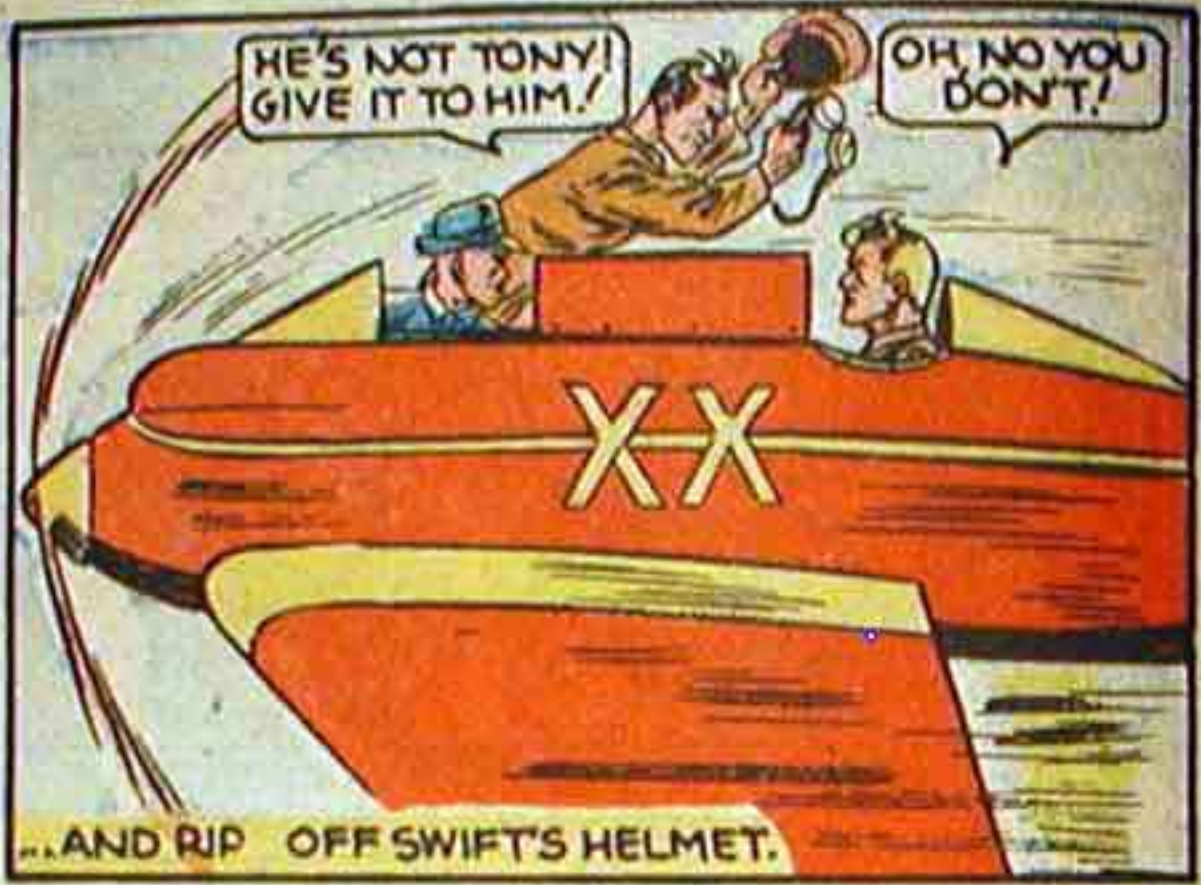
THINKING THE PILOT IS TONY, THEY CLIMB INTO THE PLANE



SAY, DON'T YOU THINK TONY'S ACTIN' FUNNY?

YEAH-MAYBE HE AIN'T TONY!

THE MOBSTERS BECOME SUSPICIOUS...



HE'S NOT TONY! GIVE IT TO HIM!

OH, NO YOU DON'T!

...AND RIP OFF SWIFT'S HELMET.



HERE'S ONE FOR YOU!

OUT OF CONTROL, THE PLANE WOBBLER AS THE MEN BATTLE.



AND HERE'S ONE FOR YOU!



AN IDEAL PLACE FOR A LANDING- THE PRISON GROUNDS!

AFTER WHIPPING THE GANGSTERS, SWIFT GETS THE PLANE UNDER CONTROL AS THEY FLY OVER THE PRISON.



SWIFT LANDS IN THE PRISON YARD. FINE CATCH, SWIFT!

THERE'S MORE TO COME WARDEN. JUST MIND THEM TILL I GET BACK.



REX FLIES BACK TO THE AIRPORT. HE FORMS A PLAN.



GET UP, YOU AND DRIVE ME TO THE COUNTERFEITERS!



ONE FALSE MOVE AND I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!

THEY START OFF IN THE GANGSTERS' CAR.



OK, TURN ON THE LIGHT!

ARRIVING AT THE HANGOUT-



SMART GUY, EH? NOW YOU'LL GET YOURS!

-TONY PULLS A FAST ONE.



WHAT'S UP?

QUICK JOE - A COP! HE'S IN THE TRAP FIX HIM UP!

HEARING THE NOISE, JOE, ANOTHER THUG, RUSHES OUT OF A ROOM.



JOE KNEELS OVER THE TRAP AND RAISES HIS GUN FOR THE KILL.

A COP, EH? WELL, IT'LL BE A PLEASURE!



THIS MASK OF DON CARLOS MIGHT SAVE ME!

BUT SWIFT QUICKLY PUTS ON HIS DISGUISE.



YES, YES, IT'S ME - YOUR OLD FRIEND DON CARLOS!

DON CARLOS! WHY - I THOUGHT YOU WERE -



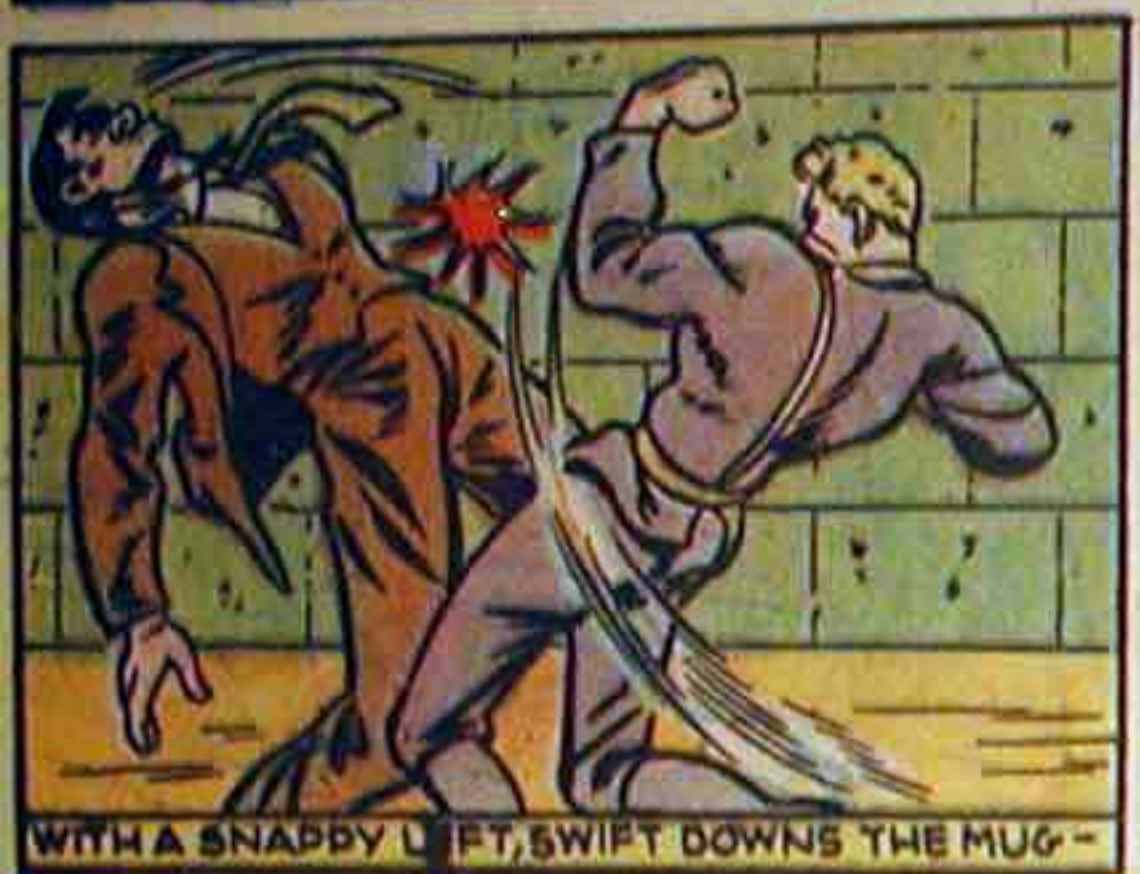
DON, YOU'RE A GHOST - I'M AFRAID!

DON'T FEAR - COME CLOSER TO ME, JOE!

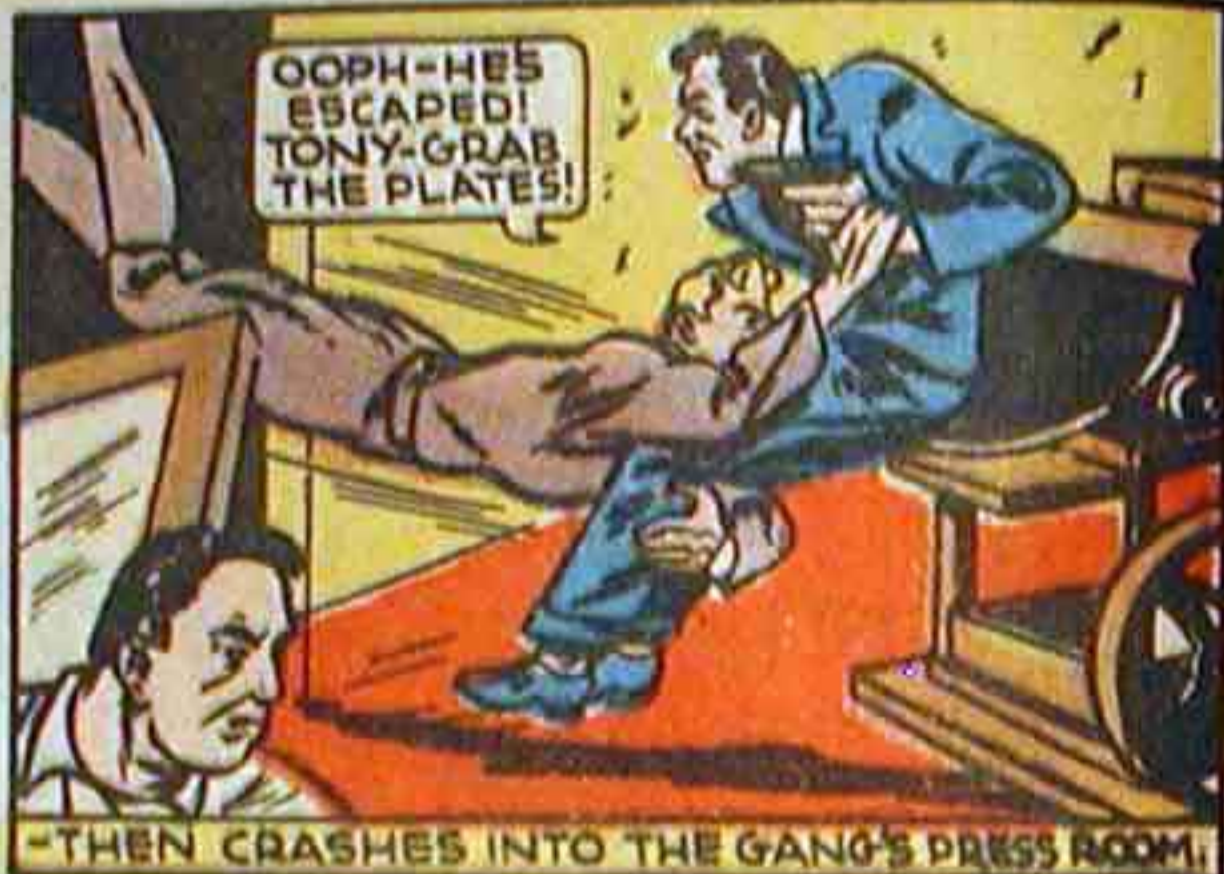


QUITE A LIVE GHOST - EH, JOE!

REX REMOVES HIS DISGUISE AND GOES INTO ACTION.



WITH A SNAPPY LEFT, SWIFT DOWNS THE MUG -



OOPH - HE'S ESCAPED! TONY - GRAB THE PLATES!

- THEN CRASHES INTO THE GANG'S PRESS ROOM.



NO YOU DONT!

REX SWINGS THE PRESSMAN INTO TONY - PREVENTING HIS ESCAPE.



ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS - THE SHOW IS OVER!!



AT THAT MOMENT THE CHIEF AND HIS MEN ARRIVE AT THE SCENE -

THE WARDEN PHONED ME AS SOON AS YOU LEFT - LOOKS LIKE WE GOT HERE IN TIME FOR THE FINISH.

GLAD YOU CAME, CHIEF!



THE IMPORTANT PART OF ANY COUNTERFEIT CASE IS THE ENGRAVING PLATES - AND HERE THEY ARE!

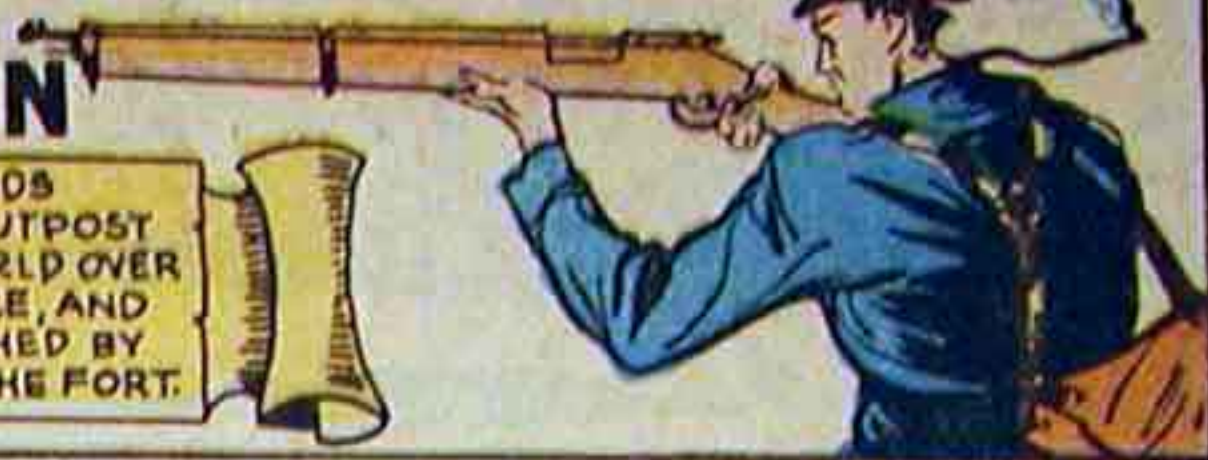
WE'VE GOT THE GOODS ON THEM NOW. COUNTERFEITING AND THE MURDER OF DON CARLOS!

DON'T MISS SWIFT OF THE SECRET SERVICE IN ANOTHER HAIR-RAISING THRILLER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH COMICS.

DICK STORM

IN THE FOREIGN LEGION

DICK STORM, ROVING ADVENTURER, FINDS HIMSELF AT FORT FRACASSE, A DESERT OUTPOST OF THE FOREIGN LEGION. FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER FOR HIS COURAGE, STRENGTH, INTELLIGENCE, AND LOVE OF ADVENTURE, DICK IS APPROACHED BY CAPTAIN DUMONT, COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE FORT.



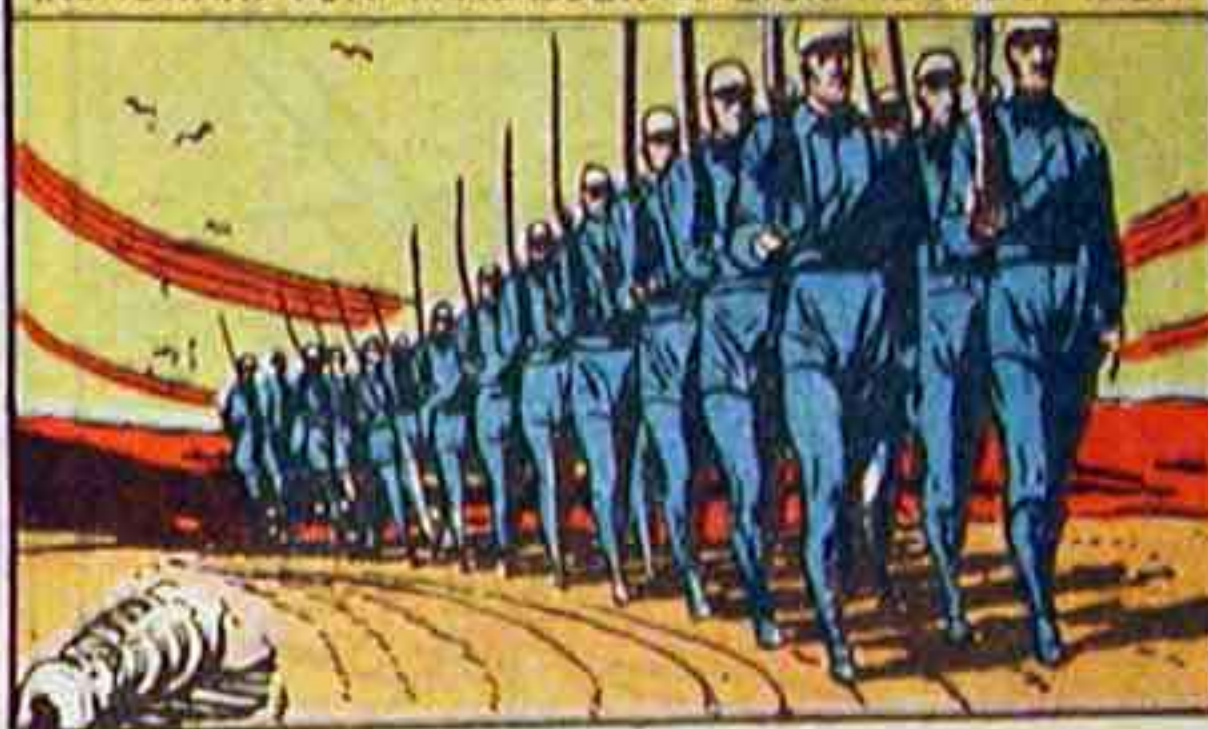
THE ARABS ARE BEING INFORMED OF OUR EVERY MOVE. IT WILL BE A PERSONAL FAVOR TO ME, STORM, IF YOU WILL TRACK DOWN THE CULPRITS.

SOUNDS INTERESTING, CAPTAIN, I WILL REPORT AT THE FORT WITH THE REINFORCEMENTS.



DICK STORM AGREES TO IMPERSONATE A LEGIONNAIRE IN ORDER TO INVESTIGATE WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION.

THE NEXT DAY... A DETACHMENT OF LEGIONNAIRES ARE MARCHING TOWARD FORT FRACASSE. DICK STORM IS ONE OF THEM.



THE SERGEANT REPORTS THE ARRIVAL OF THE REINFORCEMENTS TO CAPT DUMONT. WITH A QUICK GLANCE OVER THE NEWLY ARRIVED LEGIONNAIRES, THE CAPTAIN SPIES DICK STORM. BUT WITHOUT SHOWING ANY SIGN OF RECOGNITION, HE ADDRESSES THE MEN.

REENFORCEMENTS FOR THE GARRISON, SIR!

GLAD TO SEE THEM, SERGEANT. WE NEED THEM.



CAPT DUMONT EXPLAINS THE SITUATION TO THE MEN.

THE ARAB TRIBESMEN ARE DETERMINED TO WIPE OUT THIS POST. IT IS OUR DUTY TO PREVENT THEM!



AN ATTACK!

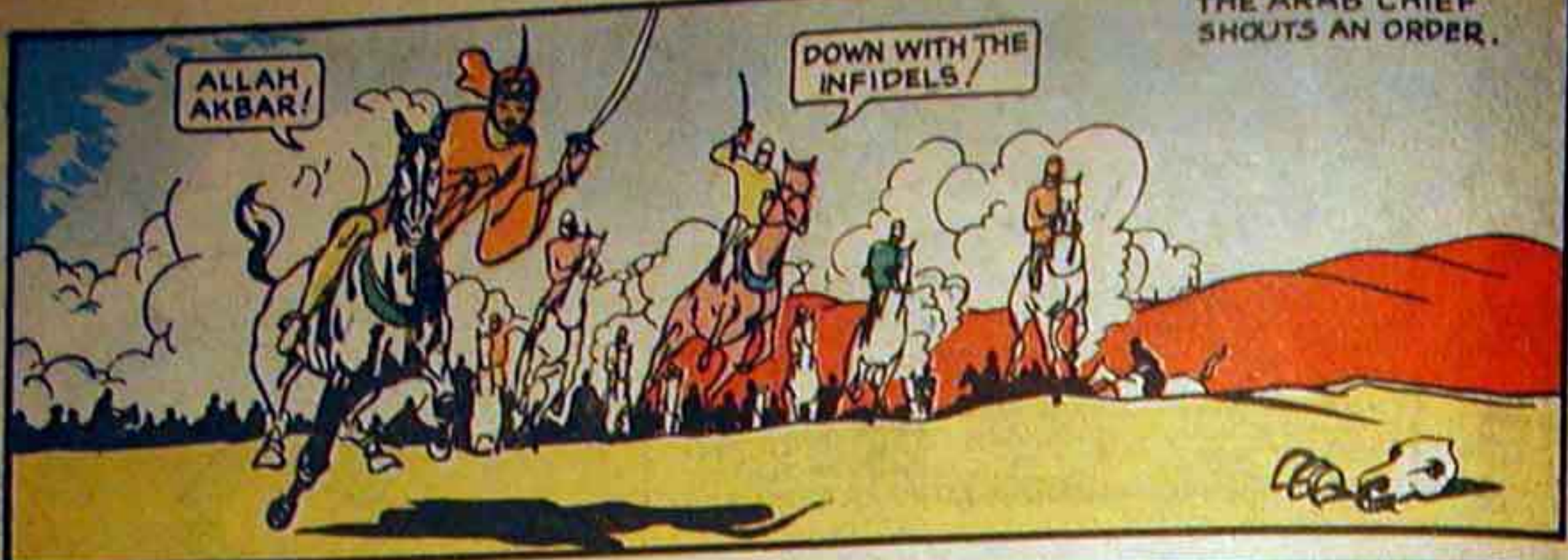
AT THAT MOMENT AN ALARM IS RAISED.



THE ARAB CHIEF SHOUTS AN ORDER.

ALLAH AKBAR!

DOWN WITH THE INFIDELS!



FIRE AT THOSE MEN OUTSIDE THE GATE!



AT THE FIRST VOLLEY, BOTH CAPTAIN DUMONT AND THE SERGEANT ARE HIT....



DEMORALIZED, THE SURVIVORS ARE TURNING TO FLEE, WHEN...

THE CAPTAIN'S DOWN!

AND THE SERGEANT, TOO! RUN!



... DICK STORM TAKES COMMAND!

DON'T LOSE YOUR HEADS, MEN! FIGHT BACK!



THAT'S IT! GIVE THEM THE OLD LEGION SPECIAL!



WITH RENEWED COURAGE, THE LEGIONAIRES FIRE VOLLEY AFTER VOLLEY AT THE ARABS.



THE ARABS, REPULSED BY THE COUNTER ATTACK, BEGIN TO RETREAT.

WHEN THE ATTACKERS DISAPPEAR BEHIND THE DUNES, THE LEGIONAIRES RETREAT INTO THE FORT.



THE CAPTAIN IS STILL ALIVE!

INSIDE THE FORT, CAPTAIN DUMONT VOICES HIS THANKS.



FINE WORK, STORM, YOU SAVED THE DAY!

THINK NOTHING OF IT, I'M JUST GLAD YOU ARE NOT HURT BADLY.

THE EXPLOITS OF DICK STORM ROUSE JEALOUSY IN THE HEARTS OF GOLLAS AND ZURKO, TWO HARD BOILED LEGIONAIRES.



THAT NEW MAN SEEMS TO BE THE CAPTAIN'S PET, EH, ZURKO?

PERHAPS WE SHOULD TREAT HIM WITH KID GLOVES, GOLLAS!

AH, GOLLAS—HERE COMES THE CAPTAIN'S DARLING BOY. LET'S GIVE HIM A LITTLE REMEMBRANCE



THEY TRIP STORM AS HE ROUNDS THE CORNER.



OH, EXCUSE ME, LITTLE FELLOW, SO AWKWARD OF ME!

HA! HA! SO AWKWARD OF HIM, TOO!

BUT NIMBLY WHIPPING OVER...



STORM COMES TO HIS FEET, READY FOR ACTION.



LOOK...HE'S ACTUALLY ANGRY!

TEACH HIM A LESSON, ZURKO!





BY THE ATTACK IS WEAK, CAPTAIN MURKIN IS PUZZLED.

THEY DON'T ATTACK EVERYBODY ENOUGH? THEY ARE UP TO SOME TRICK?



AS THE ATTACK CONTINUES, JOHN MURKIN HEARS STRANGE SOUNDS COMING UP FROM THE PALACE OF THE CASTLE.

WONDER WHAT IS GOING ON DOWN THERE?



WITH A POWERFUL HEAVE HE TEARS OPEN THE FLOOR.

OH! UP SHE COMES!



JOHN MURKIN DISCOVERS TWO ARABS DIGGING A TUNNEL DIRECTLY BENEATH THE FORT. THEY PLAN TO BLAST THEIR WAY INTO THE GARRISON.



WE MUST BE BENEATH THE WALL NOW!

YES, OUR FRIENDS SHOULD BE HERE WITH THE POWDER BOX!



WUNK AS A FLASH, A STORM CRASHES DOWN UPON THE TWO ARABS.

HERE I AM, BOYS, A ONE MAN RECEPTION COMMITTEE!



AND DOWNING THEM AFTER A FURIOUS TUGGLE.



GILVIN HEARS APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS AND CROUCHES TO SPRING.

THOSE VOICES SOUND FAMILIAR!



BO... BOLLAS AND FURK... WE MEET AGAIN!

THE CAPTAIN'S PET!

WHILE STORM IS BATTLING ZURKO AND THE ARAB CHIEF, GOLLAS LIGHTS THE FUSE OF THE POWDER KEG!



SO YOU'RE THE SKUNKS WHO HAVE BEEN CAUSING ALL THE TROUBLE!

DICK STORM KNOCKS OUT THE ARAB AND DIVES FOR GOLLAS. ZURKO CHARGES UP, KNIFE RAISED.



THIS IS YOUR FINISH, CAPTAIN'S DARLING!

BUT STORM LIFTS GOLLAS UP BODILY AND HURLS HIM AT THE CHARGING ZURKO.. THE TERRIFIC IMPACT KNOCKS THEM BOTH UNCONSCIOUS



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

AS THE SPUTTERING FUSE GETS SHORTER AND SHORTER, STORM HURLS THE POWDER KEG TOWARD THE TUNNEL OPENING WHERE ARABS ARE MASSED.



WITH A THUNDERING NOISE, THE POWDER KEG EXPLODES IN THE MIDST OF THE MASSED ARABS.



DICK STORM DELIVERS THE SPIES TO THE CAPTAIN.



HERE ARE YOUR TWO SPIES, CAPTAIN.. SEALED AND DELIVERED!

GOLLAS AND ZURKO! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!

... A MAN IN JAIL CAPTURES THE TWO SPIES AND ROUTS THE ARAB ATTACKERS. A REMARKABLE FEAT, STORM!

... AND LOTS OF FUN, CAPTAIN!



FOLLOW DICK STORM'S REMARKABLE ADVENTURES IN CHINA IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

TOP NOTCH COMICS

AIR PATROL

"SKY RAIDERS OF THE WESTERN FRONT"

BEN JOHNSON, AMERICAN PILOT, NOW SERVING IN THE BRITISH R.A.F., IS DETERMINED TO FIND U-BOAT COMMANDER VON SCHILLER IN ORDER TO EVEN AN OLD SCORE. IN THIS EPISODE, HE IS TRANSFERRED TO AN AIRPLANE CARRIER, AND...

BY IRVING NOVICK



THE SHIP SETTLES SO SWIFTLY
ONLY A FEW LIFE BOATS CAN
BE LOWERED.



NO ROOM FOR ME
IN THAT BOAT. WE
WON'T HAVE TIME
TO LAUNCH ANOTHER!



BEN DIVES FROM
THE DECK OF THE
ILL-FATED SHIP.

WELL,
HERE GOES!



THE U-BOAT RISES TO THE SURFACE
TO SURVEY ITS VICTIMS.



VON SCHILLER ORDERS
HIS MEN TO FIRE UPON
THE SURVIVORS.



SORRY, GENTLEMEN,
IT IS THE WAR!



VON SCHILLER!
IF ONLY I CAN GET
MY HANDS ON HIM!



BUT THE U-BOAT
DIVES TO ITS LAIR.





BEN CLINGS TO A SPAR.

THERE'S A BOAT!
HELLO-THERE!



A BOAT PUTS OUT FROM THE YACHT AND PICKS UP BEN.

HURRY!- MIGHT BE ABLE
TO PICK UP SOME OF THE
OTHER BOYS!



SEND OUT A RADIO CALL FOR
OTHER SHIPS TO PICK UP THE
SURVIVORS, CAPTAIN.

I SHALL
AT ONCE!



IN RESPONSE TO
THE RADIO CALL,
NEARBY SHIPS
STEAM TO THE
SCENE.



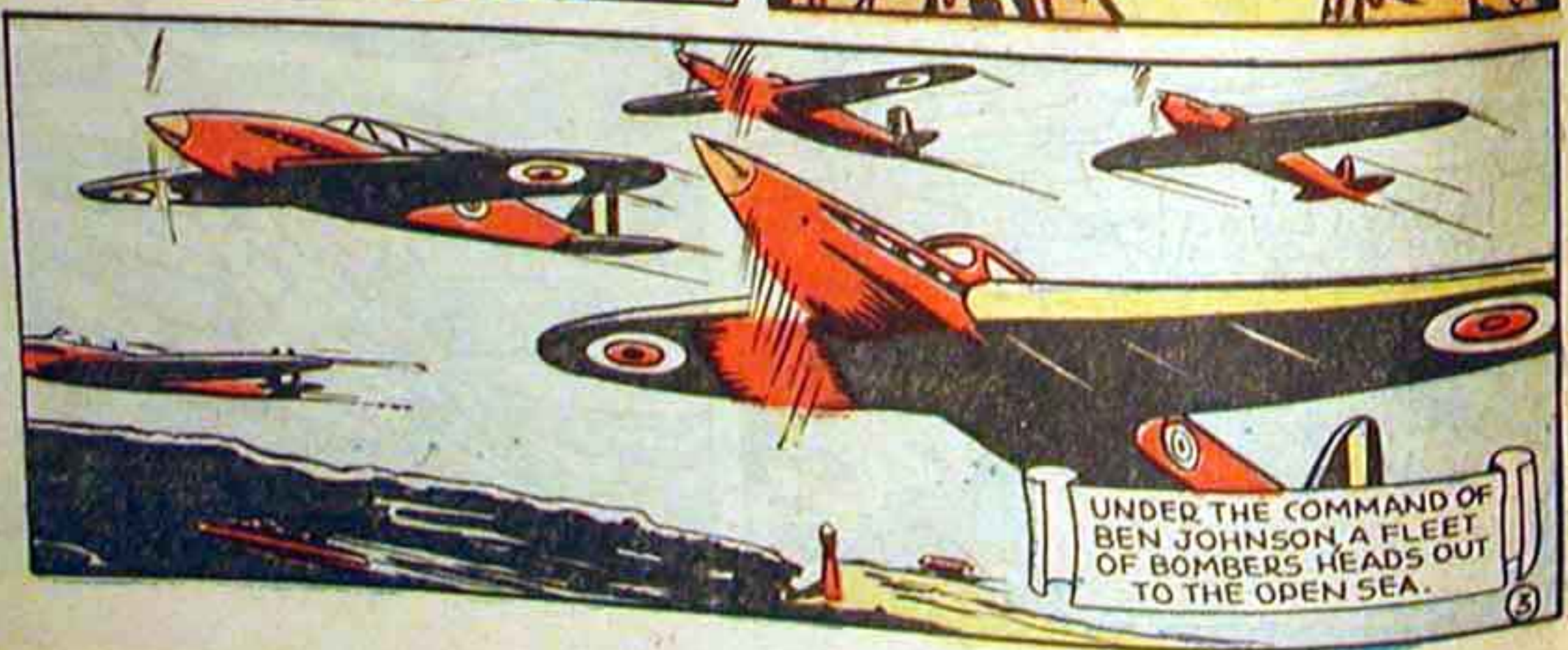
IT WAS VON SCHILLER!
I SAW HIM WITH MY
OWN EYES SIR!

BACK AT HEADQUARTERS-

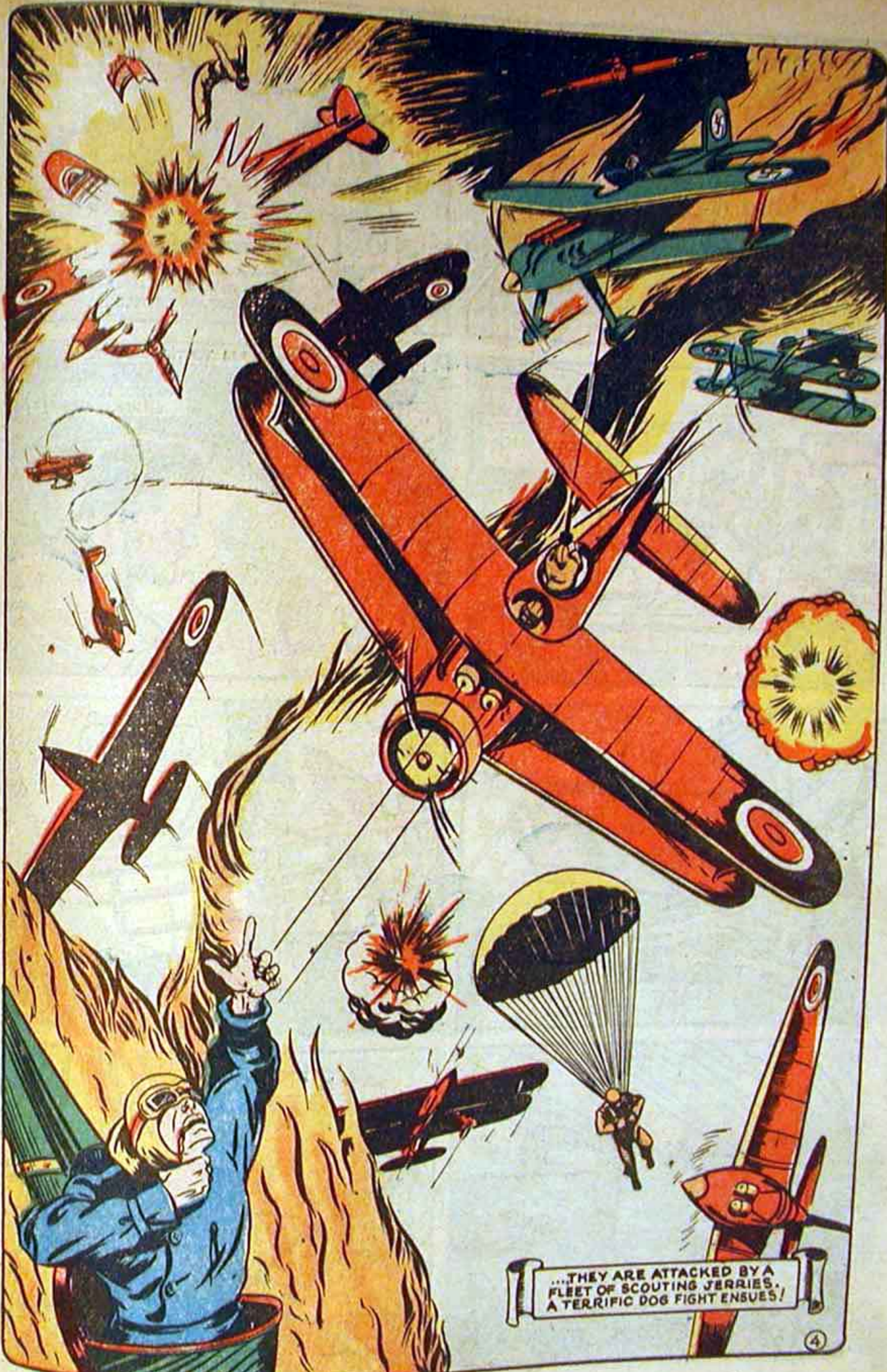


TAKE UP A SQUADRON OF
BOMBERS, JOHNSON. HE
MUST BE STOPPED!

VERY GOOD,
SIR!

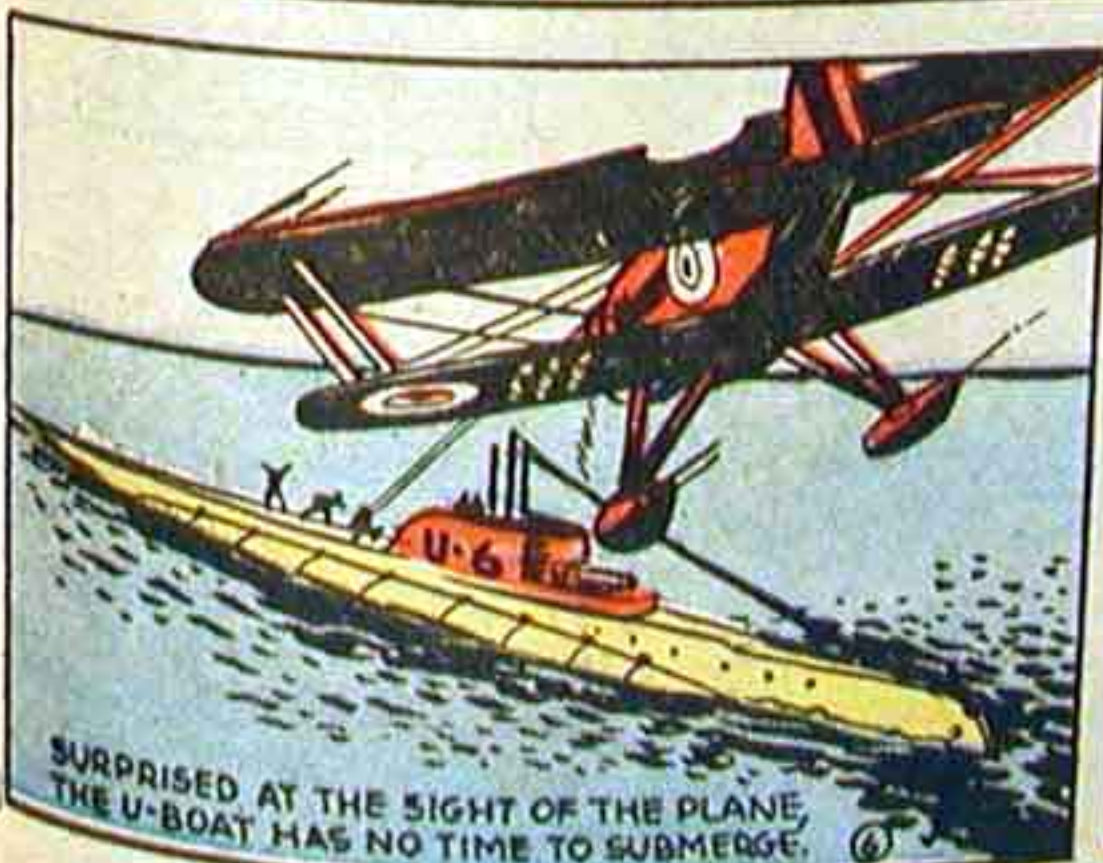
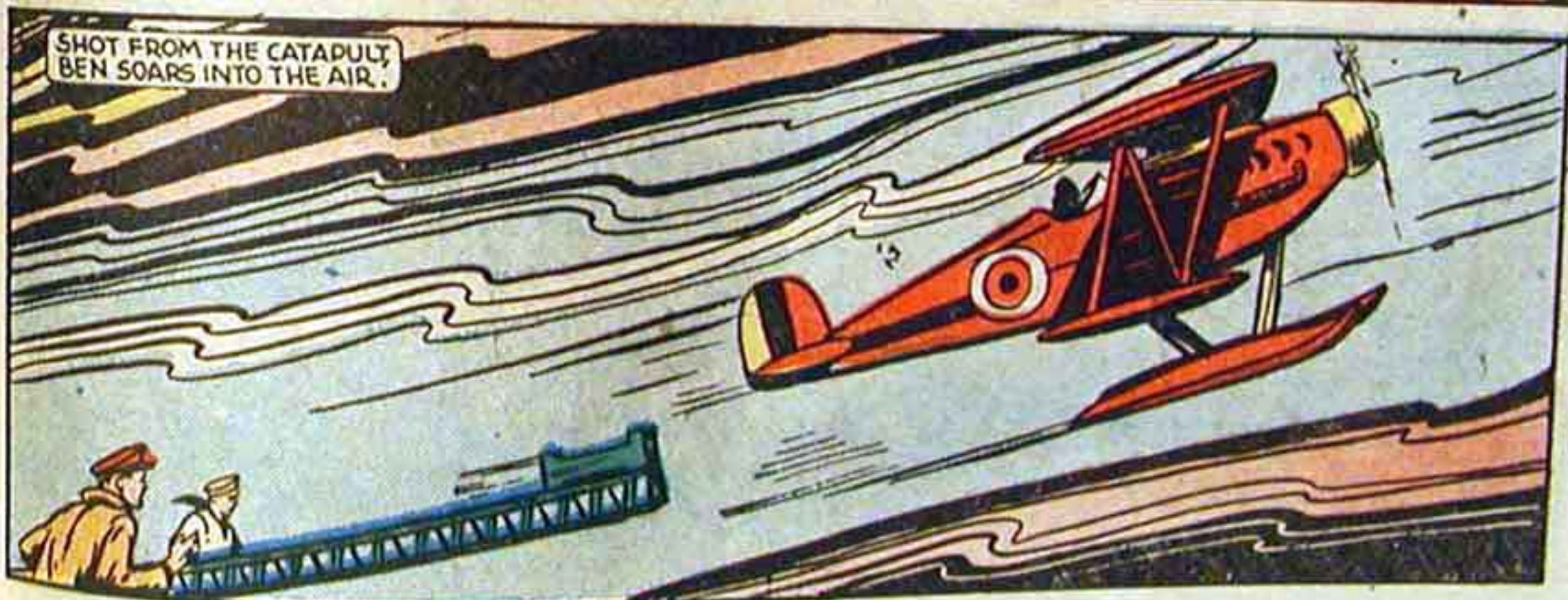


UNDER THE COMMAND OF
BEN JOHNSON, A FLEET
OF BOMBERS HEADS OUT
TO THE OPEN SEA.



...THEY ARE ATTACKED BY A FLEET OF SCOUTING JERRIES. A TERRIFIC DOG FIGHT ENSUES!







THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN LETS GO A BURST OF SHELLS AT THE INTREPID AIRMAN.

FIRE!



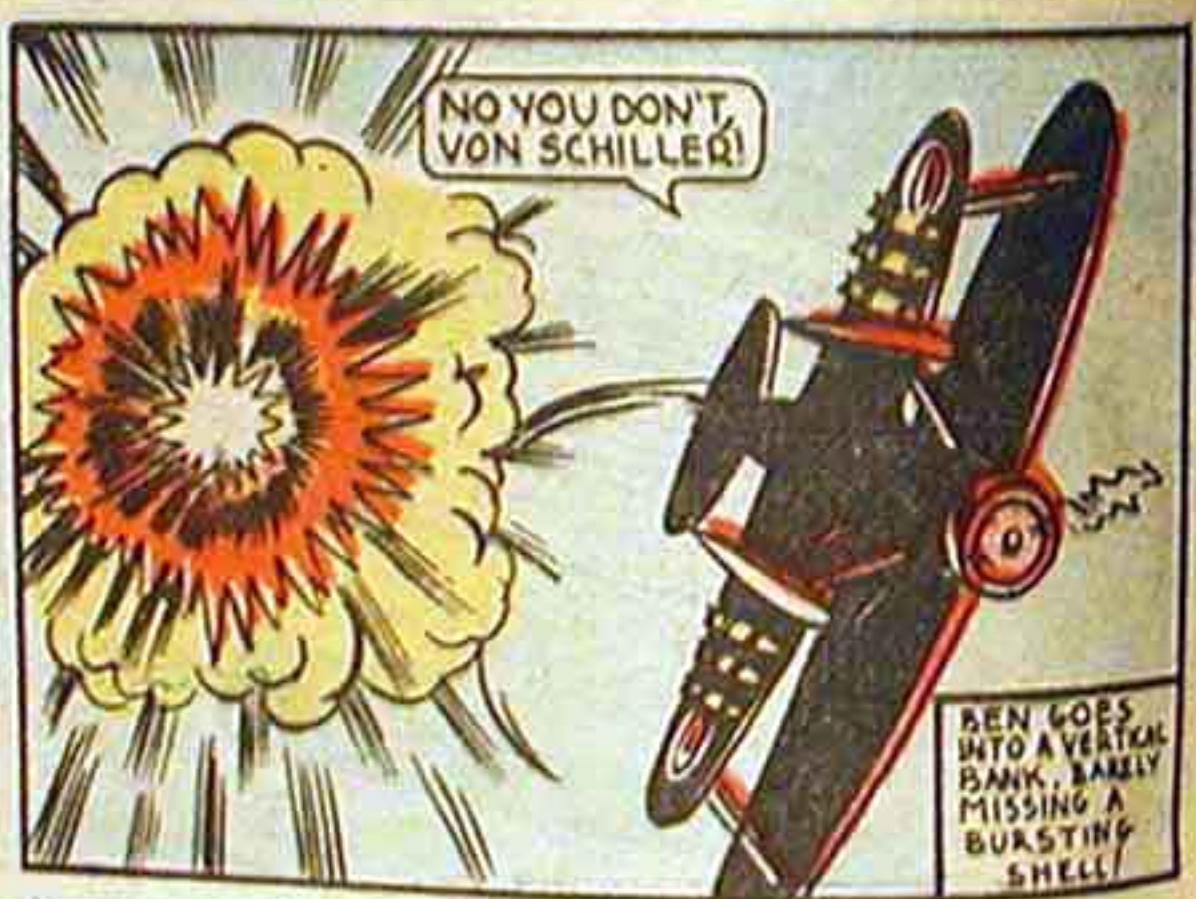
SAY YOUR PRAYERS, VON SCHILLER!



BUT BEN'S DEPTH BOMB MISSES IT 5 MARK.

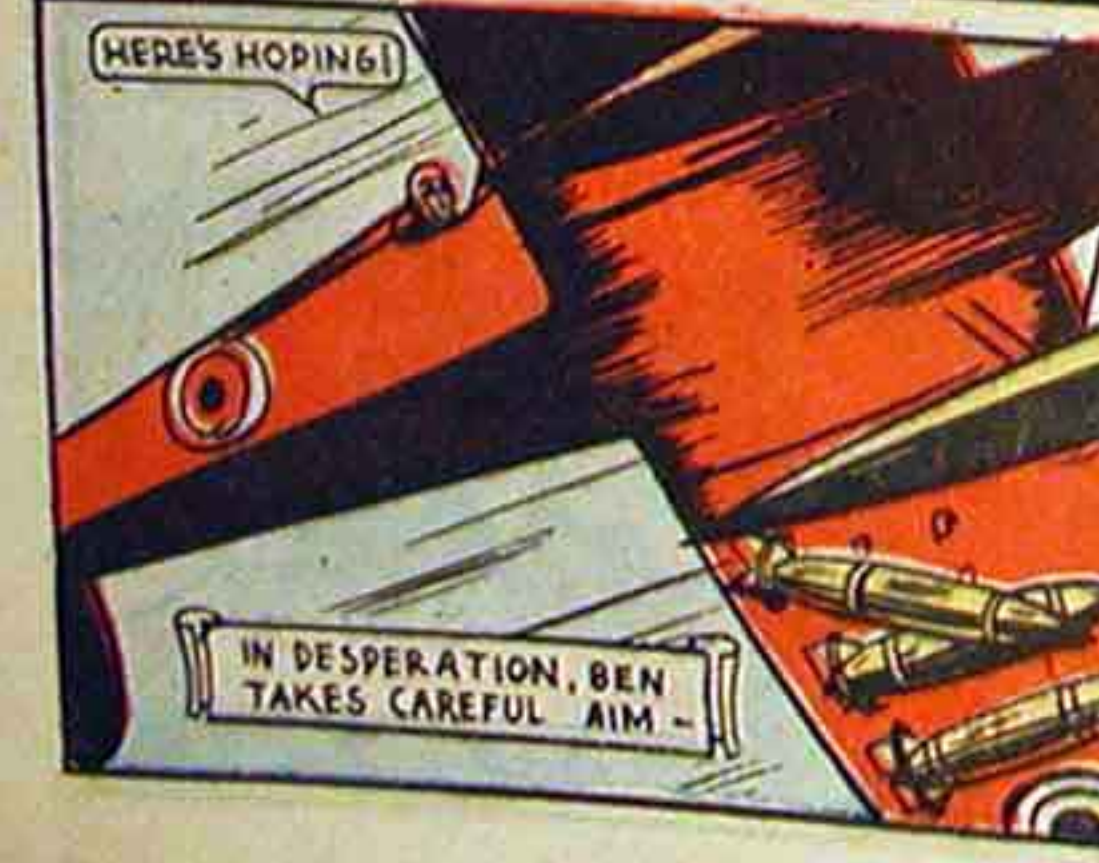


YOU MUST HIT HIM THIS TIME! NOW-FIRE!



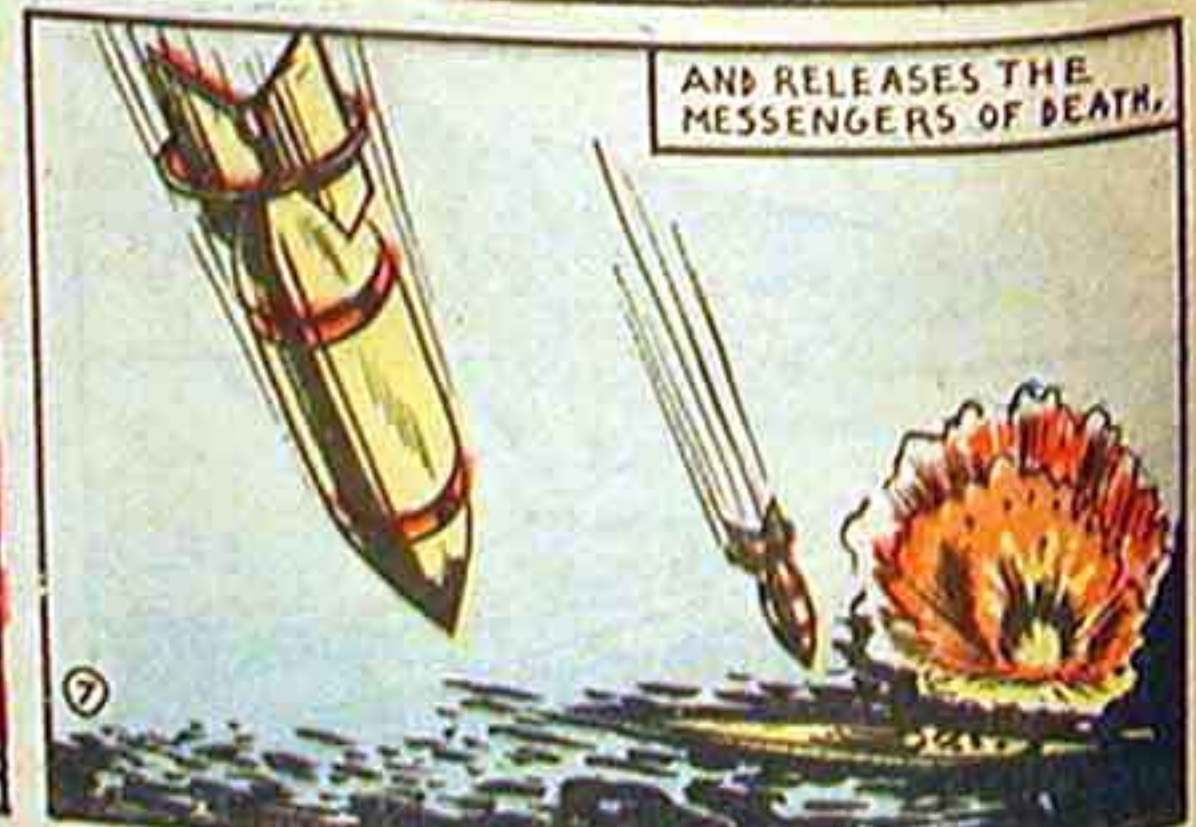
NO YOU DON'T, VON SCHILLER!

BEN GOES INTO A VERTICAL BANK, BARELY MISSING A BURSTING SHELL!



HERE'S HOPING!

IN DESPERATION, BEN TAKES CAREFUL AIM -



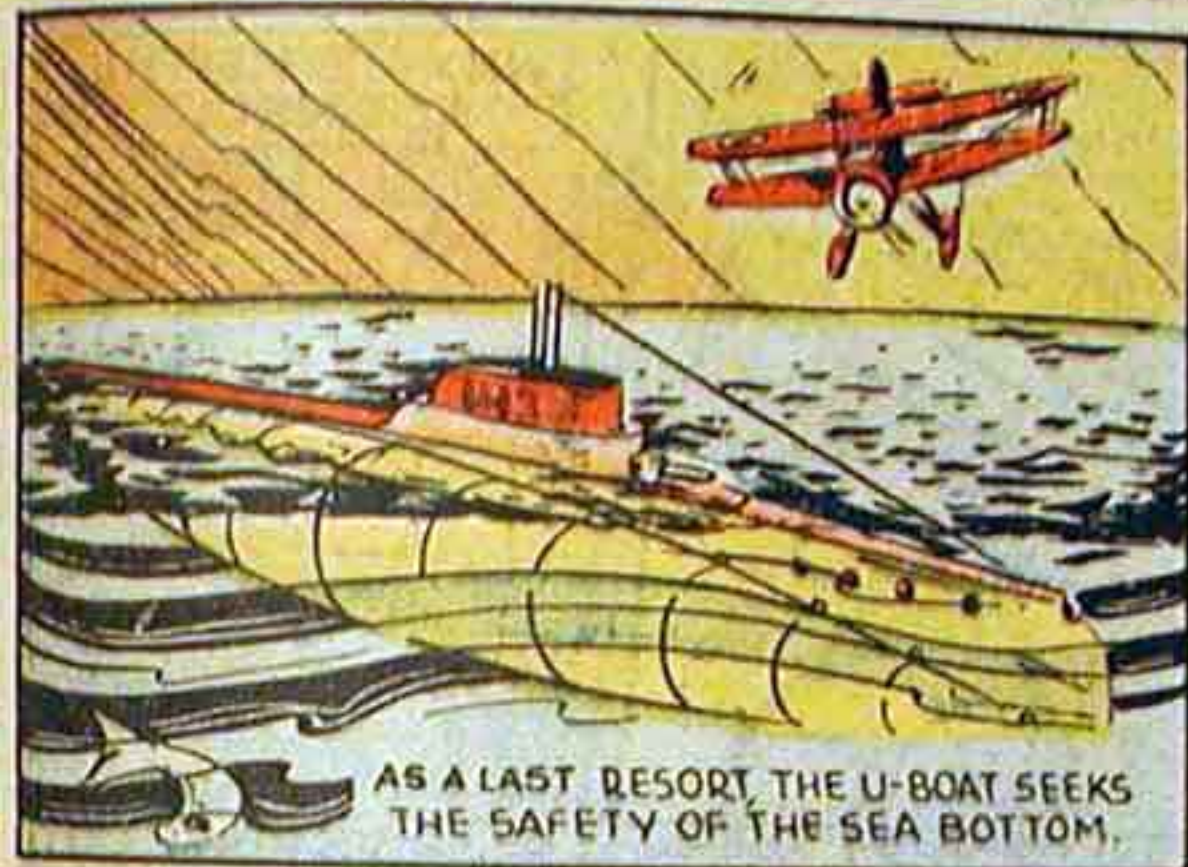
AND RELEASES THE MESSENGERS OF DEATH.



ALTHOUGH DANGEROUSLY CLOSE, THE BOMBS DO NOT ACCOMPLISH THEIR PURPOSE



HE'S GETTING THE RANGE! WE MUST DIVE AT ONCE!



AS A LAST RESORT THE U-BOAT SEEKS THE SAFETY OF THE SEA BOTTOM.



THIS IS FOR YOU PERSONALLY VON SCHILLER!

BUT BEN RELEASES HIS LAST BOMB!



...AND SCORES A DIRECT HIT!



THE U-BOAT SINKS BELOW THE SURFACE AS DAVEY JONES CLAIMS VON SCHILLER

NOW THE SCORE'S EVEN!



FINE JOB, BEN! YOU DESERVE A FURLOUGH!

THANK YOU MAJOR I COULD ENJOY ONE NOW!

BEN JOHNSON, YANK PILOT OF THE R A F, GETS ANOTHER DANGEROUS MISSION IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH COMICS. WATCH FOR IT!

SPORT TOPICS

THESE TWO YOUNG HOCKEY SENSATIONS MAY EXCHANGE THEIR STICKS FOR GUNS IF THE CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES CALL THEM TO THE COLORS —



MURRAY PATRICK
LEFT DEFENSE

LYNN PATRICK
LEFT WING

LESTER PATRICK
THE GREY EAGLE WHO HAS PRODUCED A VALUABLE NEST OF HOCKEY TALENT— HIS TWO ARTFUL AND AMBITIOUS SONS—
LYNN AND MURRAY



PATRICK'S WORK AS HEAD OF THE RANGERS MARKS HIM AS HOCKEY'S GREATEST MANAGER—

L. Haged

Your UNCLE DUDLEY

HELLO FOLKS!

BY BOB WOOD



HOW'D YOU LIKE TO TAKE A RIDE, BILLY?

SWELL, UNCLE DUDLEY - LET'S GO!



I'VE GROWN 3 INCHES ALREADY THIS YEAR, UNCLE DUDLEY!

KEEP IT UP, BILLY, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'LL EVER BE AS BIG AS A FELLOW I ONCE KNEW!



HIS NAME WAS TOTO - MET HIM WHEN I WAS OUT WEST - BOY WAS HE BIG - I DIDN'T EVEN COME UP TO HIS CHEST!

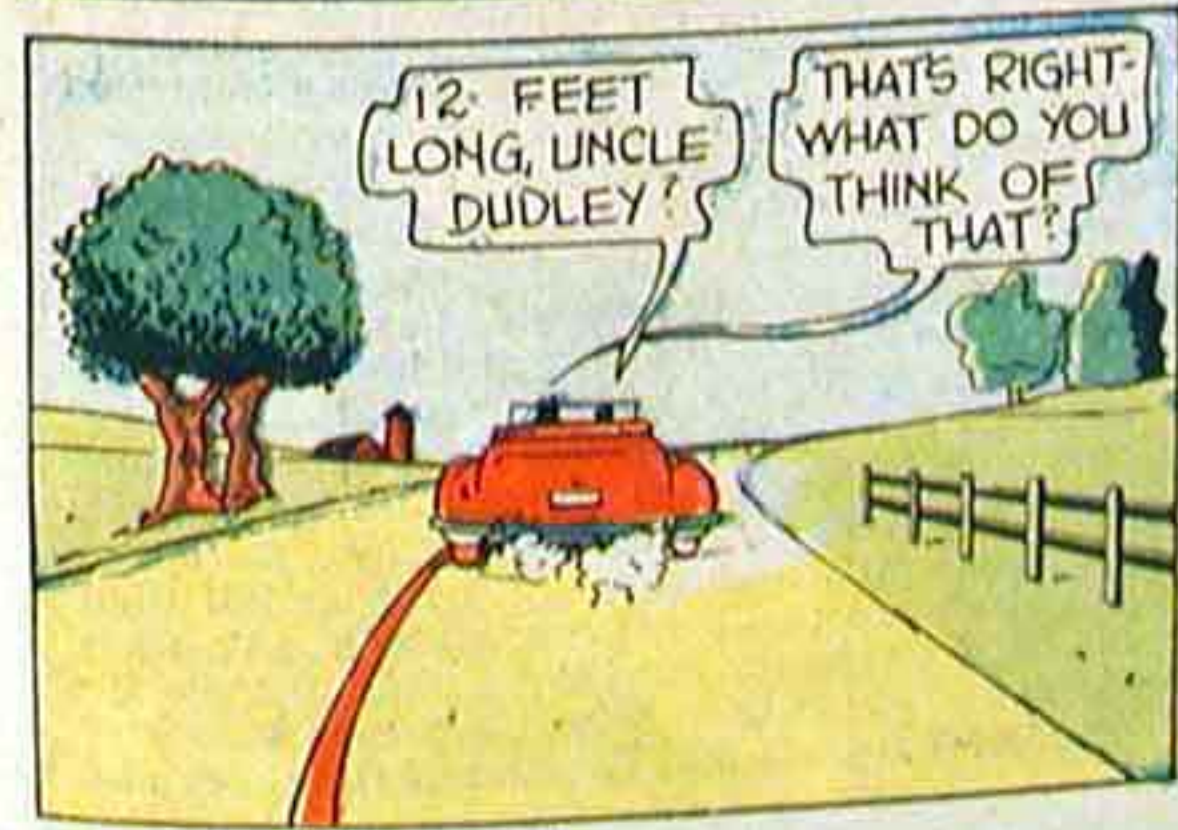
HE MUST HAVE BEEN A GIANT - HUH?



HE SURE WAS A TOWERING BRUTE - ONE OF THE TALLEST MEN I EVER SAW -



WHY, WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, BILLY - TOTO SLEPT ON A BED 12 FEET LONG?



12 FEET LONG, UNCLE DUDLEY?

THAT'S RIGHT - WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?



I THINK THAT'S A LOT OF BLINK!

DRUM LANGUAGE



The prow of the schooner cut the waters of the Coral Sea as she headed into the island harbor. Two men lounged on the after deck. One was middle-aged, important looking. The other was young, eager, and dressed in freshly pressed whites.

The older man said, "The natives are out of line, Barton, and it's the fault of Lee—who is on the island now. We're putting you in his place because you are a college man, trained for that sort of thing."

Barton smiled smugly. "Don't worry, Mr. Ivers. There won't be any more trouble when I take charge!"

When the ship dropped anchor, the two men were rowed ashore in a dory manned by a native crew. The shore was lined with sullen-looking natives, all armed with shiny new kris. As the two white men walked up the beach, the natives swept toward them, screeching a challenge, and waving their deadly curved blades.

Ivers fired pointblank into the charging group, but the overwhelming number of natives forced the white men to retreat. They were paralyzed in their tracks when they turned to see the native crew rowing the dory frantically back to the schooner, thus cutting off their only means of escape!

The two white men were waist deep in the harbor water while the natives gradually closed in for the kill. One huge black, with a savage grin on his lips, raised his kris for a death blow. From somewhere on the island a rifle cracked. The native sagged limply until he disappeared beneath the water. Others, who were pressing close, went down under that deadly, unerring fire from the fringe of the jungle.

So long as their enemy was visible, the natives were afraid of nothing, but a death that swept out of nowhere aroused their superstitious natures. They broke and fled with howls of terror.

Barton and Ivers waded back to shore, reloading their guns on the way. The beach was deserted now—until they heard the crashing of branches and a tall, bronzed man slid down the trunk of a tree and ran toward them. He held a rifle in one hand.

"Lee," Ivers cried. "You saved our lives that time!"

Lee smiled. "I saw you coming and knew the kind of reception that was in store for you. It was your lives—or theirs!"

Ivers nodded. "Meet Jerry Barton, Lee. He's come to replace you."

Lee frowned. "Replace me—I thought I was doing all right!"

"I'm sorry," Ivers said. "All I can do is carry out my orders. You are to report back to the main plant, while Barton takes over. Barton, you see, is a college man trained in native psychology. He'll be able to control the natives."

"But Barton is green," Lee protested. "His college education won't help him. It takes years of actual experience to learn their ways. As far as trouble on the island, the natives are being stirred up by three whites who want our company to give up its holdings here. I thought you were coming to help me bring them to justice."

The three men repaired to Lee's corrugated shack set in the middle of a clearing. "The native chief is coming for a pow-wow," Lee informed them. "We'll see if Barton can handle him."

Just before dusk, four natives marched toward the shack. At their head strode a short, bow-legged little man with a headdress indicating his rank of chief. Lee didn't offer to shake hands. He merely motioned the four to stand against the wall.

"Now," he snapped, "no one fella move or ketchum bang-a-lang 'longside head. Talk—plenty quick!"

The chief talked, but there was respect in his tones. He indicated frankly that the white men were to leave the island by sundown. If they refused, the drums would boom out a call to all the natives—a war call that would lead to murder.

"Let me talk to him," Barton said. He stepped up to the chief and extended his hand. The native looked him up and down and spat contemptuously. Barton flushed, but he went on with his task.

"You men are being lied to. The company doesn't seek to exploit you, chief. You'll be treated fairly and the crops paid for honestly."

Lee smiled a little. The chief only looked blank. He turned to his three companions and snapped out a word. Then they were gone! The white men watched the quartette disappear into the jungle.

"And he means it," Lee said. "When we hear the drums, it'll be curtains for us! There's no time to lose. Stack up plenty of ammunition and hold the shack. I'm going to see what's going on!"

Lee indicated the small armory containing rifles, revolvers and bullets, grinned at his guests and stepped out the door. A rifle cracked somewhere behind the fringe of the jungle. Lee was whipped around by the force of the slug and blood ran down over the back of his hand. He darted into the house and seized a rifle. Calmly he disregarded his wounded arm while he stuffed cartridges into his pockets.

"It's those renegades," he said stiffly. "Garino, a South American ex-convict who'd rather kill than eat. His pals are two Englishmen—both a disgrace to our race. But mark me—Skeggs and Harvey are just as dangerous as their leader. You hold the fort!"

Lee opened a window at the rear of the shack and wriggled through it. He ran, zig-zagging his steps.

until he vanished in the deepening gloom. But Lee stopped, once he was within the jungle itself. He winced as his wounded arm gave him a spasm of pain. Then he quickly clambered up a small tree. From his perch he could overlook the entire jungle. Keen eyes picked out two white men kneeling in the muck and watching the shack. Lee's gaze swept on until he spotted the third white man—craftily making his way around so he could cover the rear of the shack.

Lee slid down and cut through the jungle as quietly as a serpent. He flattened himself against a tree and waited. Garino appeared in a moment, rifle held ready, face creased in an unholy grin. He passed within three feet of Lee, went on a half dozen steps and then heard brush crackle. He whirled about, raising his rifle. He fired once, but Lee was ready for that. As Garino's finger tightened against the trigger, Lee knocked the rifle aside. He waded close, using his fists. Garino screeched for help, but Lee kept pounding him until his face was a bleeding pulp. The others were coming. Lee had to finish off his man quickly.

"Here," he grunted, "is a belly ache for you." And he drove his right into Garrino's stomach. He followed this up with a one-two straight to the chin. Garrino slumped—out cold!

A gun blasted and Lee dived headlong into the jungle. The other two were hot on the trail, but Lee knew this island too well to be caught. He finally crouched deep in a thicket and considered the problem. Then his eyes lighted up and a slow smile crept across his face. He slung his gun over his shoulder and set out in a definite direction.

It was well after darkness when Lee watched the native village bustling with life. He crawled around a reed hut and listened. The chief was inside giving thought to the problem of attack. The Chief looked up suddenly and drew back. Lee was pointing a rifle at his middle and signalling for silence.

"You go 'long me," he hissed. "Make one cry and ketcham bang-bang from gun. March—you imp of Satan."

Back at the corrugated shack, Barton and Ivers were worried sick. They guarded both sides of the shack and were ready to shoot it out. No message could be relayed to the schooner for if they exposed themselves for half a second, rifles would blast away.

Barton and Ivers continued taking pot-shots at fleeting shadows in the darkness. Then a drum began to boom. Its steady thump-thump sent the nerves of the white men into a panicky frenzy. Barton was shaking like a leaf. Ivers gripped his rifle and waited grimly. Other drums began to boom until the noise grew maddening. Then Ivers heard a hooting sound that was taken up all around the edge of the jungle. The natives were ready for the charge.

The three renegades stepped out of the darkness to join their allies, urging them on. Barton and Ivers cocked their rifles and took aim.

A man's voice shouted a warning. "Don't shoot! Ivers—don't shoot!"

Ivers stared and gaped. The tide suddenly changed. Deadly kris went into action against the three white renegades. Garino gave a hoarse bellow and began shooting. He downed three natives before a blade found its mark. Skegg and Harvey, shaking from fear, ran wildly away. But the natives were swarming around them. In a moment they were felled—dead!

"We're next," Barton quavered. "They'll come for us now!"



Yet oddly enough, they didn't. As quietly as they had appeared, the natives vanished again into the dark morass of the jungle. Suddenly, Lee came striding across the clearing. His arm was linked beneath that of the native chief.

"Our little chief here has decided to listen to reason. I've promised him a small increase in the prices we pay for his stuff. I kidnapped him and we had a heart to heart talk. Of course, the muzzle of my rifle rested against his belly while we palavered, but he's reasonable."

"The drums," Barton quavered. "Those drums! I thought you said they'd attack when the drums sounded!"

Lee shook his head. "You've got a lot to learn, youngster. Their only method of communication is by the drums. Well, the chief was set to beat out an order to attack and kill us. However, I kidnapped him and stole one of their drums. When the time was ripe, I banged that drum myself—only the orders it rapped out were to get the other renegades. The chief can't say I kidnapped him and sent out the message because he'd lose face. So he'll tag along with our plans. I hope you get along with him, Barton."

"Me—get along with him?" Barton shivered. "No, thanks. I resigned an hour ago. You can have the island, Lee. I—I don't want any part of it!"

"Resigned, did you?" Ivers snorted. "The devil you did! I fired you an hour and ten minutes ago. Lee stays! A scientific education won't do a man much good on this island!"

"You're right," Lee agreed. "You've got to understand their ways—and their language to get along."

Ivers nodded. "I've seen that. Especially the language of the drums!"

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The WEST POINTER



KEITH KORNELL, THE WEST POINTER, MEETS UP WITH CERTAIN CHARACTERS AND FINDS THAT LIFE AT THE ACADEMY CAN BE EXCITING AS WELL AS INTERESTING.



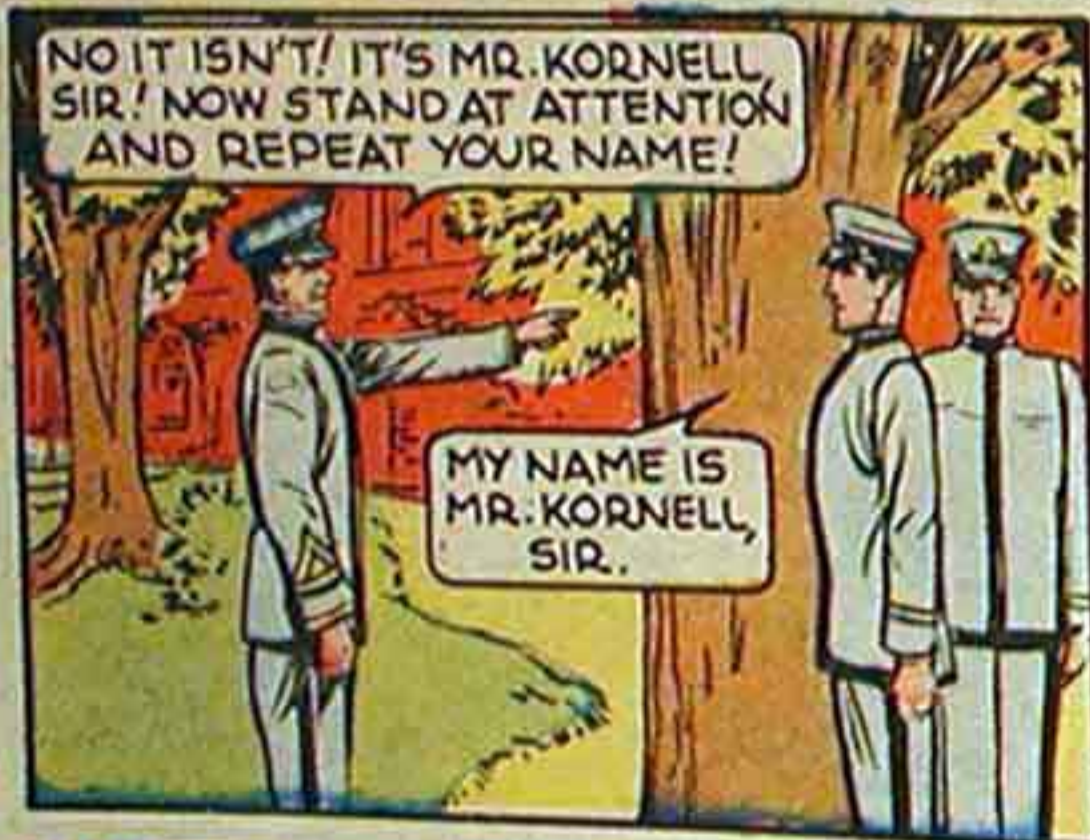
KEITH KORNELL CHATS WITH HIS NEW FRIENDS ON THE CAMPUS...



HERE YOU PLEBE! WHAT'S YOUR NAME!

WHY-IT'S KEITH KORNELL.

AN UPPERCLASSMAN SINGLES KEITH OUT.



NO IT ISN'T! IT'S MR. KORNELL, SIR! NOW STAND AT ATTENTION AND REPEAT YOUR NAME!

MY NAME IS MR. KORNELL, SIR.



HEADS UP! CHINS UP! EYES FRONT!-I NEVER SAW SUCH WOODEN GOATS!

THE PLEBES GET THEIR FIRST TASTE OF DISCIPLINE.



YES, SIR!

GO TO YOUR ROOMS UNTIL YOU LEARN TO STAND LIKE OFFICERS!!!



I'M GETTING TIRED OF BEING ORDERED ALL OVER THE PLACE BY UPPERCLASSMEN!

THEY CERTAINLY TAKE ADVANTAGE OF US.

KEITH AND HIS ROOMMATE RETIRE TO THEIR ROOM





KEITH LANDS IN THE WATER WITH A SPLASH!



MAO AS A HORNET, KEITH WADES TOWARD THE CADETS...



IT'S ALL PART OF THE TEACHING OF DISCIPLINE - EVERY WEST POINTER MUST LEARN TO OBEY BEFORE HE CAN COMMAND.

I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND SIR!

BUT WHEN THEY EXPLAIN KEITH REALIZES HE DESERVED THE DUKING.



ALL THIS IS OBSERVED BY A STRANGER HIMSELF UNSEEN!



YOUR NAME IS KEITH KORNELL, ISN'T IT?

WHY--YES

LATER WHILE KEITH IS STROLLING ALONG A RUSTIC PATH THE STRANGER MEETS THE WEST POINTER SEEMINGLY BY ACCIDENT.



MY NAME'S DOCKER-I SAW THAT INCIDENT-IT WAS A DIRTY TRICK!

WELL, I DESERVED IT.



COULD YOU USE A LITTLE MONEY MR. KORNELL?

CADETS AT WEST POINT AREN'T ALLOWED TO KEEP MONEY IN THEIR POSSESSION.



PROBABLY THIS WOULD BE OF USE TO YOU, THEN.

WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT?

YOU, AS A NEW CADET, HAVE BEEN GIVEN ONE OF THE NEW STYLE U.S. ARMY RIFLES!

IF YOU WANT TO BUY IT FROM ME, NOTHING DOING--ALL EQUIPMENT IS CREDITED TO EACH CADET!

NO--JUST SHOW IT TO ME--LET ME EXAMINE IT--AND THE MONEY'S YOURS!

IT SOUNDS FISHY--I OUGHT TO TAKE A POKE AT YOU!

KEITH BECOMES SUSPICIOUS OF THE STRANGER.

DON'T ACT FOOLISHLY, MR. KORNELL--I HAVE FRIENDS HERE, YOU SEE!

BE HERE AT THIS TIME TOMORROW--WITH THE RIFLE!!

AND IF I DON'T?

DOCKERS' HENCHMEN MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE --

BRING IT! AND THE MONEY'S YOURS. STAY AWAY, OR COME WITHOUT THE RIFLE, AND YOU'LL NOT LIVE TO SEE NIGHTFALL!

GOSH!!

AND THE MYSTERIOUS THREATENERS VANISH!

THEY THREATEN THE YOUNG WEST POINTER.

SIR, CAN I SPEAK TO YOU, PRIVATELY?

WELL, WHAT IS IT?

--AND THEN THEY SLIPPED AWAY!

WE BETTER CONFER WITH MY OTHER TWO FRIENDS!

KEITH SEEKS THE HELP OF THE UPPERCLASSMEN.

IN KEITH'S QUARTERS, THE STORY IS SOON TOLD.





HERE THEY ARE, SIR-THEY WANTED TO GET MY RIFLE!

HMMM-THE NEW IMPROVED RIFLE!

THE STRANGERS ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE SUPERINTENDENT.



THIS IS AN OUTRAGE- I'LL APPEAL TO MY CONGRESSMAN!!

SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT YOU AREN'T REPRESENTED BY ANY CONGRESSMAN!



NO! DEFINITELY-YOU AREN'T EVEN A CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES!



HELLO, SERGEANT! SEND TWO ARMED MILITARY GUARDS TO MY OFFICE, AT ONCE!

THE SUPERINTENDENT SENDS FOR THE MILITARY POLICE.



GENTLEMEN-CADET KORNELL IN PARTICULAR-YOU HAVE ACTED BRAVELY AND PROPERLY!

AND WHEN DOCKER AND HIS MEN ARE PLACED UNDER ARREST...

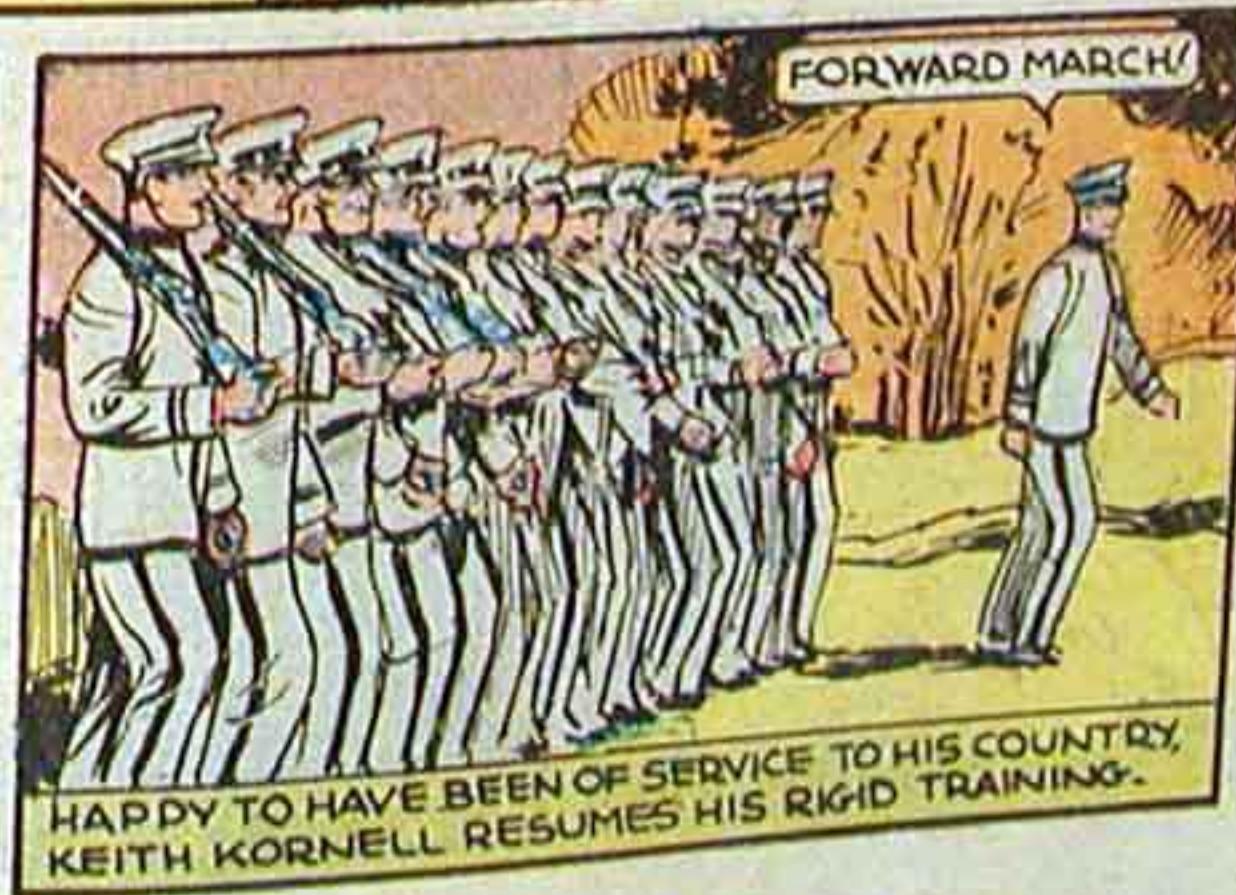


THIS PAPER SHOWS THAT DOCKER WAS A FOREIGN SPY-HE AND HIS MEN WERE TRYING TO LEARN THE SECRET OF OUR NEW RIFLE!!



THANK YOU, SIR, WE TRIED TO ACT LIKE GOOD AMERICANS-

AND YOU DID - BUT HURRY UP OR YOU'LL BE LATE TO INFANTRY DRILL!



FORWARD MARCH!

HAPPY TO HAVE BEEN OF SERVICE TO HIS COUNTRY, KEITH KORNELL RESUMES HIS RIGID TRAINING.

ANOTHER THRILLING EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE WEST POINTER WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH COMICS!

STACEY KNIGHT, M.D.

STACEY KNIGHT, A YOUNG INTERNE, HAS DISPLAYED UNCANNY ABILITY IN SOLVING CRIMES. HE IS VERY OFTEN CALLED IN TO HELP THE POLICE ON DIFFICULT CASES. ONCE AGAIN, THE CHIEF OF POLICE ENLISTS HIS AID...

L. STREETER

ASSIGNED TO AMBULANCE DUTY, STACEY KNIGHT RECEIVES AN EMERGENCY CALL.

A GANG-SHOOTING ON CENTER STREET? WE'LL LEAVE AT ONCE!

442-457



THE AMBULANCE ZIG-ZAGS THROUGH THE CITY STREETS AT TOP SPEED.

ARRIVING AT THE SCENE, STACEY FINDS THE CHIEF OF POLICE ON THE JOB.

TWO FOR THE MORGUE, CHIEF. AND ONE FOR THE HOSPITAL.

LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER GANG WAR!



GOOD-I'LL KEEP MY EARS OPEN!

THE ONE THAT'S STILL ALIVE IS DERBY MORGAN, LEADER OF A GANG OF DOPE SMUGGLERS!

RUSHING BACK TO THE HOSPITAL, THE CHIEF REVEALS THE GANGSTERS IDENTITY.

THE WOUNDED THUG IS TAKEN TO THE OPERATING ROOM WHERE STACEY PERFORMS AN EMERGENCY OPERATION.

LATER WHEN DERBY MORGAN REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

THANKS, DOC FOR SAVIN' MY LIFE!

ALL IN THE LINE OF DUTY, MORGAN.





THE CHIEF OF POLICE BURSTS INTO DERBY MORGAN'S ROOM.

AWAKE, EH? GOOD! I'VE GOT A LOT OF QUESTIONS TO ASK YOU, MORGAN!



NO, YOU DON'T! HE'S TOO WEAK TO TALK!

OH, YEAH?

BUT STACEY, TO GET IN SOLID WITH THE GANGSTER, BALKS THE CHIEF'S MOVE.



-AND I'M TAKING HIM TO A PRIVATE SANITARIUM!

YOU CAN'T MOVE HIM- HE'S UNDER ARREST!



UNDER ARREST FOR WHAT? HE WAS JUST AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER, WHEN THOSE OTHER GANGSTERS STARTED SHOOTING. HE'S GOT WITNESSES!

YEAH- YOU GOT NUTHIN' ON ME, CHIEF.



THE CHIEF WARNS MORGAN AND LEAVES.

OK, MORGAN- YOU WIN THIS TIME- BUT I'LL PUT YOU BEHIND BARS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



GREAT WORK, DOC! I COULD USE A MAN LIKE YOU. IF YOU WANT TO STRING ALONG WITH ME I COULD THROW YOU A LOT OF DOUGH!

SOUNDS INTERESTING MORGAN THERE ISN'T MUCH MONEY IN THIS BUSINESS.

MORGAN IS COMPLETELY WON OVER BY THE DOCTOR. WHEN THE POLICE CHIEF LEAVES, HE ASKS STACEY TO JOIN HIS GANG.



STACEY JOINS THE CHIEF IN THE HALLWAY AND TELLS HIM THE NEWS.

IT WORKED! I'M JOINING UP WITH HIS GANG!

GOOD! NOW KEEP ME POSTED OF EVERY MOVE THEY MAKE!



ALL YOU GOTTA DO, DOC, IS PATCH US UP WHEN WE DON'T DUCK FAST ENOUGH.

I UNDERSTAND! - THEN YOU WON'T HAVE TO GO TO OTHER DOCTORS WHO MIGHT ASK QUESTIONS - AND NOTIFY THE POLICE!

WHEN MORGAN RECOVERS, HE HEADS FOR HIS SHIP WITH STACEY.

MORGAN INTRODUCES STACEY TO HIS MOBSTERS.

I WANT YOU MUGS TO MEET A SWELL GENT. HE'S O.K., GANG!



THE GANGSTER'S SHIP SAILS TO PICK UP A LOAD OF DOPE.

YOU'LL GET A SPLIT JUST LIKE THE REGULAR MEN OF MY MOB.

THAT'LL BE O.K. WITH ME, MORGAN.



MORGAN TELLS STACEY ABOUT THE BIG PROFITS IN THE DOPE RACKET.



THERE'S OUR CONTACT SHIP NOW—



THAT'S THE LAST OF IT!

THE CONTACT SHIP UNLOADS.



THE CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP IS PAID OFF WITH A BLOW.

ASK FOR MONEY, EH? WELL, WE'RE HIJACKING THIS LOAD!



THAT TAKES CARE OF THEM!

THE CONTACT SHIP AND THE CREW ARE BLOWN UP BY A BOMB PLANTED SECRETLY BY MORGAN'S MEN.





RED MULLIN, SUSPICIOUS OF STACEY, PEERS OVER THE TRANSOM



MULLIN RUSHES TO MORGAN AND TELLS HIM OF THE POLICE ABOARD

I'M TELLING YOU DERBY, THERE'S COPS ABOARD! YOUR FRIEND THE DOC, IS IN ON IT!

THE DIRTY DOUBLE CROSSER! GET HIM UP HERE!



AS STACEY ENTERS MORGAN CLIPS HIM WITH BRASS KNUCKLES.

ASDY, EHP?



MORGAN AND RED GO TO TAKE CARE OF THE POLICE.

--AND KILL THE FIRST ONE THAT COMES OUT!

OKAY, DERBY!



STACEY RECOVERS AND FINDS HIMSELF A PRISONER.

IF I CAN GET OUT THROUGH THAT DORT-HOLE, I CAN SAVE THEM!



I MAY BE IN TIME!



STACEY SNEAKS UP AND CATCHES RED.



THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU FOR AWHILE!



QUICK, BOYS, WE'RE DISCOVERED!



MORGAN AND HIS GANG RUSH AT THE POLICE

HURRY UP GANG! LET'S GET THESE COPPERS!



THE POLICE ARE READY FOR THE THUG'S



DERBY OVERPOWERS STACEY AND IS ABOUT TO SINK HIS KNIFE AS -

YOU'RE THE CAUSE OF THIS - I'LL KILL YOU!



-A POLICEMAN'S BULLET STRIKES HIS HAND.



GET HIM FIXED UP - HE'S GOT TO SAIL US HOME!



GREAT WORK, CHIEF! WE'VE GOT THE EVIDENCE AND THE GANG - AND THEY'RE ALL READY FOR THE CELLS!

AND THEIR OWN BOSS SAILING THEM RIGHT THERE

ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF STACEY KNIGHT, M.D., IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH COMICS.

THE MYSTIC MAN OF MYSTERY AND MASTER OF MAGIC, EXPOSES THE FAKE SPIRITUALISTS, BUT FINDS HIMSELF PITTED AGAINST A DANGEROUS GANG OF HOODLUMS. THE THUGS HOWEVER, HAVE NOT RECKONED WITH HIS BAG OF TRICKS

THE MYSTIC



THERE'LL BE A LOT OF WORTHWHILE PEOPLE HERE, INCLUDING THAT RICH DAME WHO WANTS TO SEE HER FATHER.

WE SHOULD CLEAN UP ON THIS ONE!



I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME MISS BISHOP

I DO HOPE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO BRING BACK THE SPIRIT OF MY FATHER!



UNSEEN AND UNKNOWN TO THEM THE MYSTIC LOOKS ON.

PLEASE BE QUIET EVERYONE AS WE ARE ABOUT TO START!

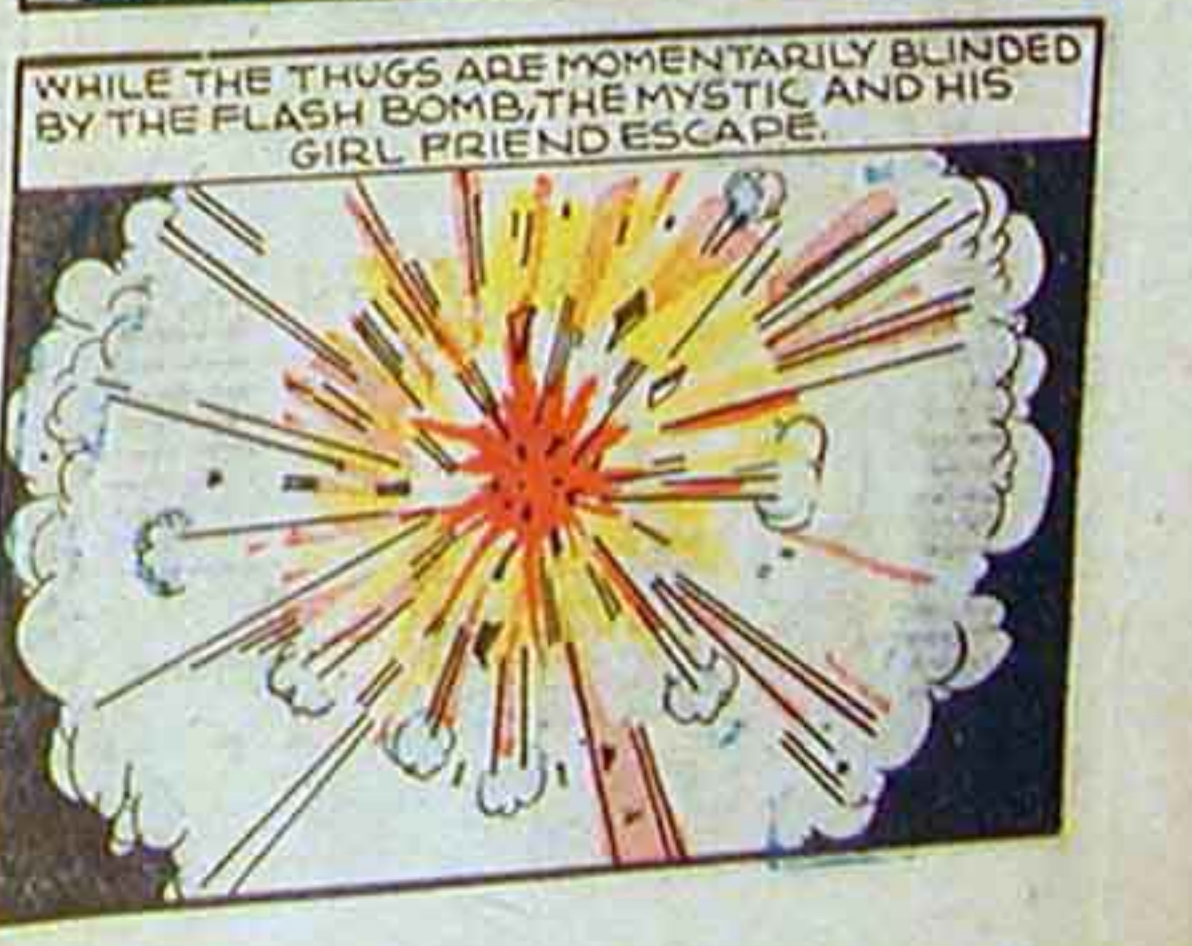


IT'S THE SAME OLD BUNK!



IT'S MY FATHER- OH, FATHER!





THE MYSTIC RETURNS TO HIS OWN HOME...



HERE YOU ARE SAFE AT HOME! IT WAS EXCITING, THOUGH!

I'LL SAY IT WAS! GOOD NIGHT, DEAR.



NOW FOR A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP!



...AND IS SURPRISED BY THE THUGS!

GIVE IT TO HIM, BOYS!



SEE YOU LATER!



THAT'LL GET HIM!



HE'S GONE!



HERE I AM, BOYS!



YOU WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!



BUT THE THUGS FIND THEY ARE SHOOTING AT THE MYSTIC'S IMAGE IN A MIRROR.

NOT THERE BOYS, HERE!



THINK YOU'RE SMART, EH?

THEY PONCE ON THE FIGURE OF THE MYSTIC



THAT'S ONLY A DUMMY FIGURE BOYS!

-BUT DISCOVER IT IS ONLY A DUMMY!



HOW'S THAT!



HELD-I'M CAUGHT!

FALLING BACKWARDS, THE THUG FALLS INTO THE MYSTIC'S TRICK CHAIR.



ANOTHER THUG THROWS A VASE, BUT THE MYSTIC DUCKS

YOU'LL HAVE TO AIM BETTER THAN THAT!



CAUGHT OFF GUARD, A RUG IS JERKED FROM UNDER THE MYSTIC...



...AND HE IS TRAPPED IN HIS OWN TRICK CHAIR.

I'LL GET YOU NOW!



GONE AGAIN!



UNSEEN, THE MYSTIC PULLS A LEVER.



A TRAP-DOOR OPENS UNDER THEM.



AND THEY GO SLIDING DOWN A CHUTE.



...WHICH DUMPS THEM ON THE SIDEWALK WHERE THEY ARE MET BY THE POLICE.

HAVE A NICE TRIP, BOYS?



WHAT KIND OF A MAN IS THAT?

THE THUGS ARE TAKEN FOR A RIDE.



MY BOYS GOT THERE IN TIME, DIDN'T THEY?

AT THE POLICE STATION.



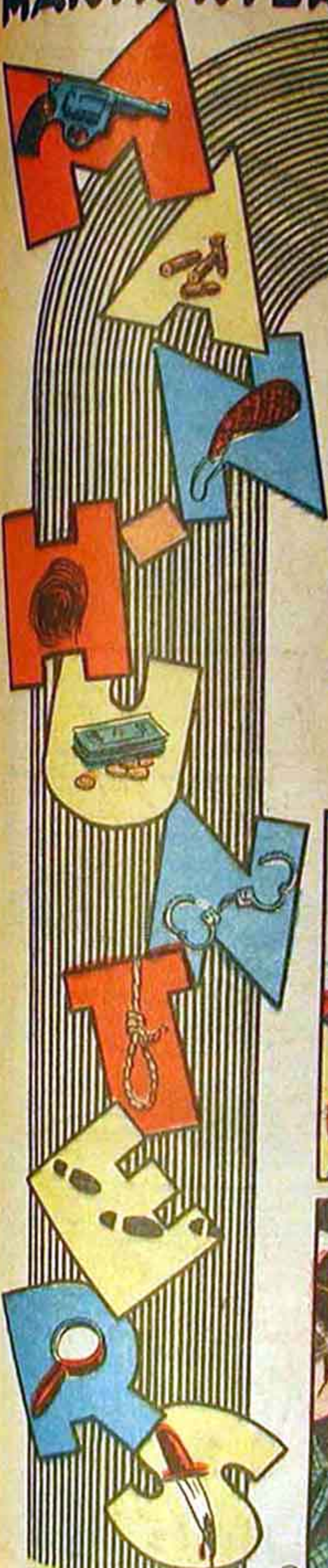
YES, THANKS! - THE BOYS DIDN'T KNOW THAT NO MATTER WHAT NUMBER IS CALLED ON MY PHONE THEY ALWAYS GET POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS.

FOLLOW THE MYSTIC IN ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH COMICS.

CALIFORNIA'S KIDNAP- MURDER MYSTERY

.....
THE TRUE STORY OF HOW
LOS ANGELES POLICE AVENGED
THE SLAYING OF ONE OF
THEIR BROTHER OFFICERS!

by
JACK COLE



ONE EVENING
IN LOS ANGELES,
CORA COOPER
WAS WALKING
HOME FROM
THE NEIGH-
BORHOOD
MARKET—



WHEN
SUDDENLY





THE POLICE WERE UNABLE TO FIND ANY CLUES AS TO WHO COMMITTED THE KILLING, BUT THEY GOT A DESCRIPTION OF THE CAR.

MEANWHILE, THE KIDNAPPER STOPPED OUTSIDE OF THE CITY LIMITS —

WHAT THA! I'VE GOT TH' WRONG KID!!



GET OUT! AND KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT OR I'LL KILL YOU!



CORA WALKED, HALF-CRYING, BACK TO THE CITY. SHE GOT ON A STREET-CAR AND PLEADED FOR A RIDE HOME.

WHERE'S YOUR FARE?

I-I HAVE NONE!



AT HEADQUARTERS

A STREET CAR CONDUCTOR JUST CALLED—SAID HE'S GOT A LITTLE GIRL WHO CLAIMS SHE WAS KIDNAPPED!—BETTER INVESTIGATE!



CORA WAS TAKEN TO THE POLICE STATION —

AND YOU SAY THE MAN FIRED A REVOLVER?

YES, BUT I DIDN'T SEE HIM DO IT AS I WAS ON THE FLOOR OF THE CAR!



WELL, BOYS, THERE'S YOUR COP-KILLER!



CORA, I WANT YOU TO SHOW US WHERE HE LET YOU OUT OF THE CAR!



THE NEXT DAY, CORA POINTED OUT THE SPOT.

GET PHOTOGRAPHS OF THESE PRINTS!



A GUN WAS FOUND!

SAY! NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!



THE REVOLVER WAS TURNED OVER TO BALLISTICS EXPERTS.

NOW TO FIND OUT IF THIS IS THE MURDER WEAPON!



A TEST SHOT WAS FIRED INTO A MASS OF COTTON TO STOP THE BULLET WITHOUT HARMING THE MARKINGS.



THE TASK OF TRACING THE KILLER'S REVOLVER TOOK WEEKS OF TEDIOUS WORK.

FIRST STEP:- POLICE AT (B) SENT THE SERIES NO. OF THE GUN TO THE MANUFACTORY IN (A) - THEY FOUND IT HAD BEEN SENT TO (C).

SECOND STEP:- FROM (B) THE GUN WAS SENT TO A STORE IN (C) WHERE IT WAS SOLD TO A SAM COLTON

THIRD STEP:- COLTON WAS TRACED FROM (D) TO (E) AND ARRESTED

THE BULLET WAS THEN COMPARED WITH THE ONE TAKEN FROM THE SLAIN PATROLMAN'S BODY-

THE BARREL-MARKINGS ARE IDENTICAL!



COLTON WAS TAKEN INTO CUSTODY FOR QUESTIONING

THIS YOUR GUN, COLTON?

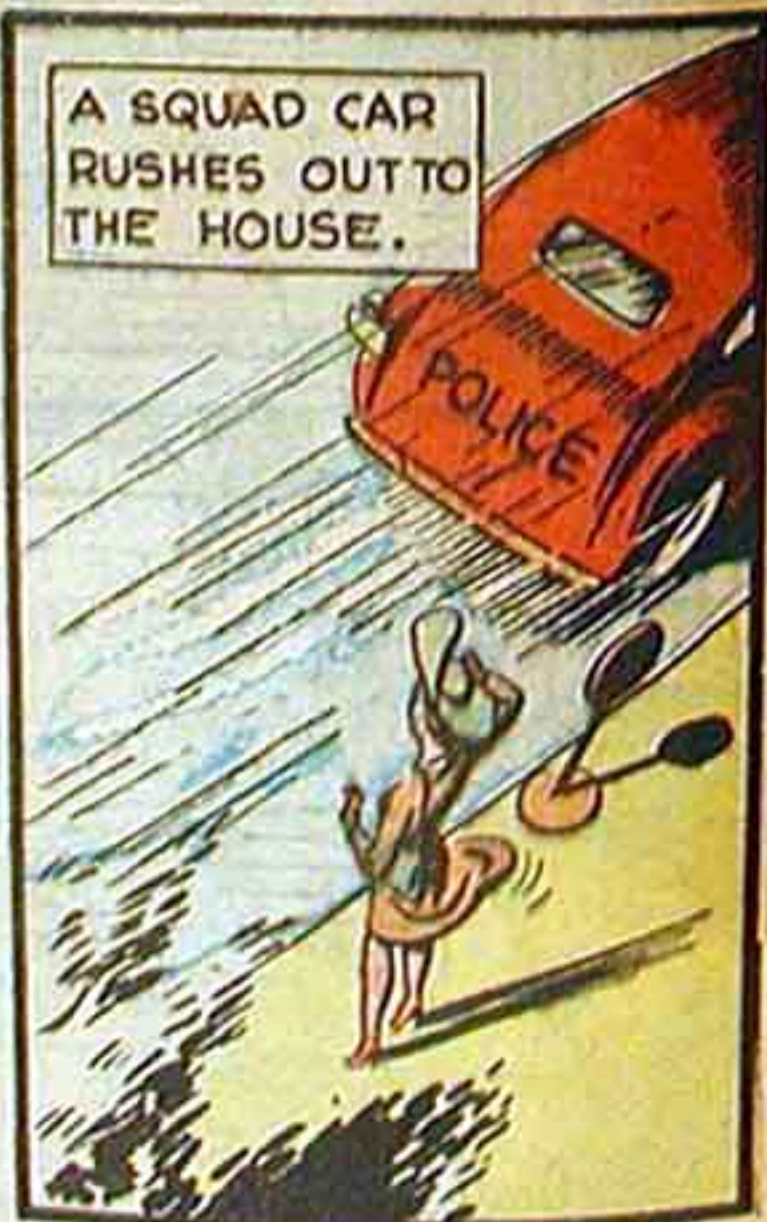
YES, BUT I DIDN'T SHOOT THAT MAN!



I GAVE THE GUN TO A FRIEND, JIM DARWIN! HE'S BEEN LIVING IN A HOUSE IN INGLEWOOD!



A SQUAD CAR RUSHES OUT TO THE HOUSE.

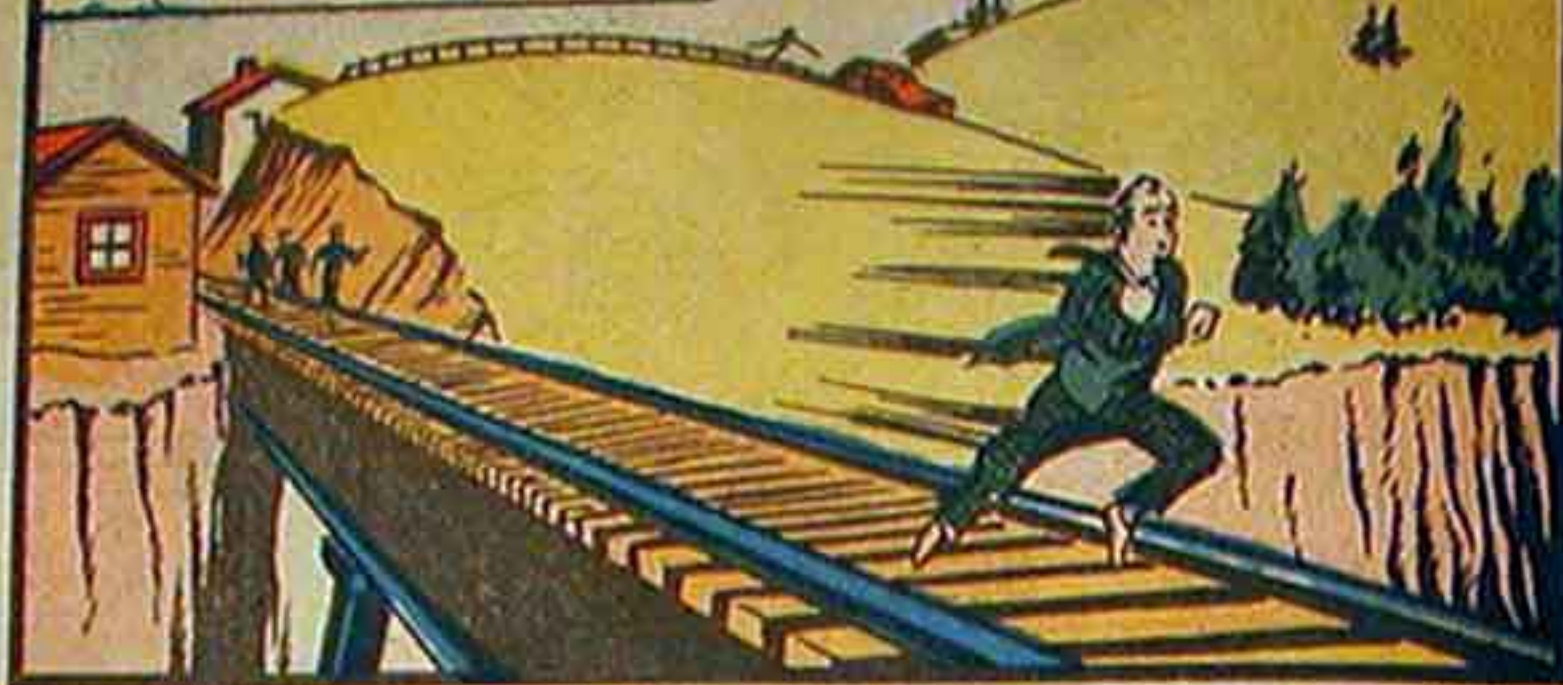




BUT FATE TURNS AGAINST THE KILLER—HIS CAR SWERVES, OUT OF CONTROL—



MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPING INJURY, "JIM" RAN OUT ON A RAILROAD TRESTLE—



DESPERATELY, HE CRAWLED BETWEEN TWO TIES—



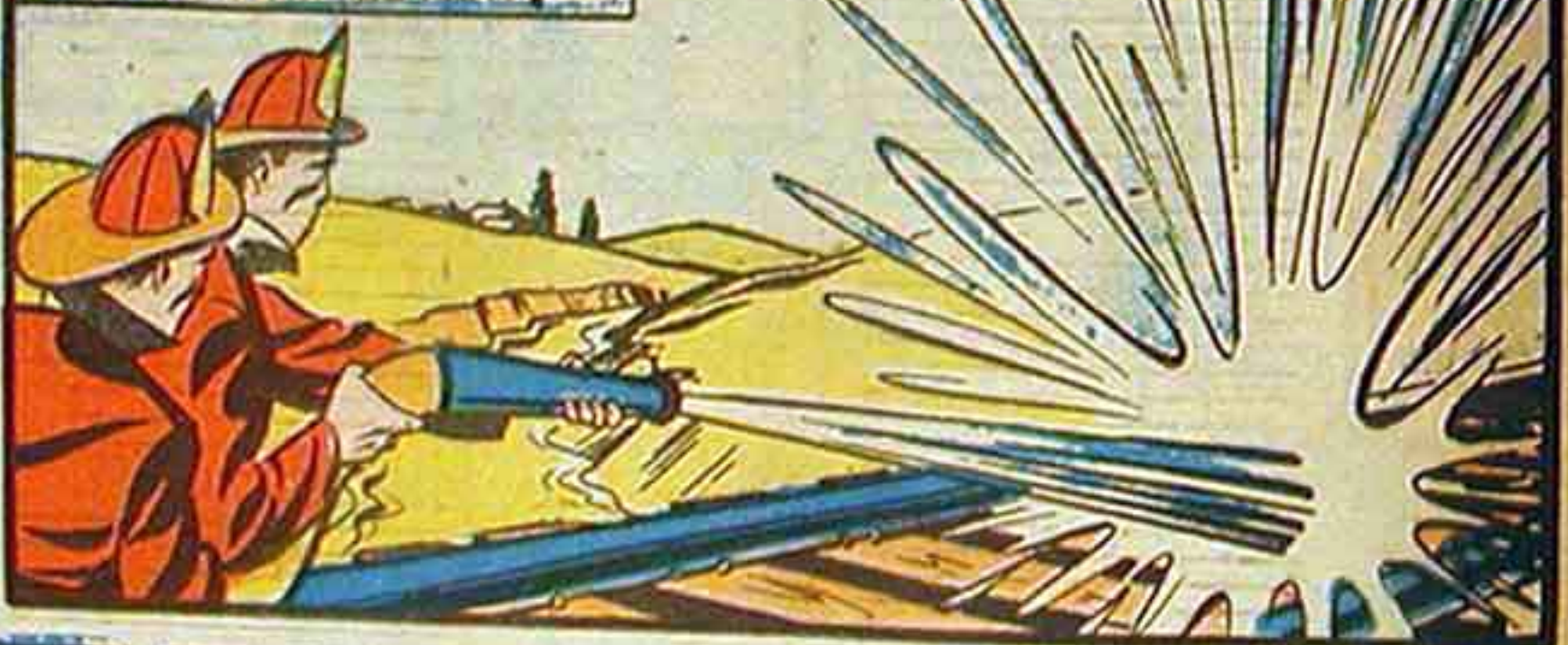
AND HID IN A CREVICE!



WAIT, MEN—DON'T GO NEAR THAT CRACK!—IT'S SUICIDE!—WE'LL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER WAY.



GREENSBURG'S FIRE DEPT SWUNG INTO ACTION!



STOP! I GIVE UP!



JIM DARWIN! WANTED FOR MURDER IN LOS ANGELES!—WHAT A CATCH!



THUS ENDED THE CRIME LIFE OF A HEARTLESS KILLER!

ANOTHER MANHUNTER STORY IN NEXT ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH COMICS!

NOTE: NAMES OF ALL CHARACTERS OTHER THAN THE ACTUAL CRIMINALS INVOLVED ARE FICTITIOUS TO PROTECT INNOCENT CITIZENS